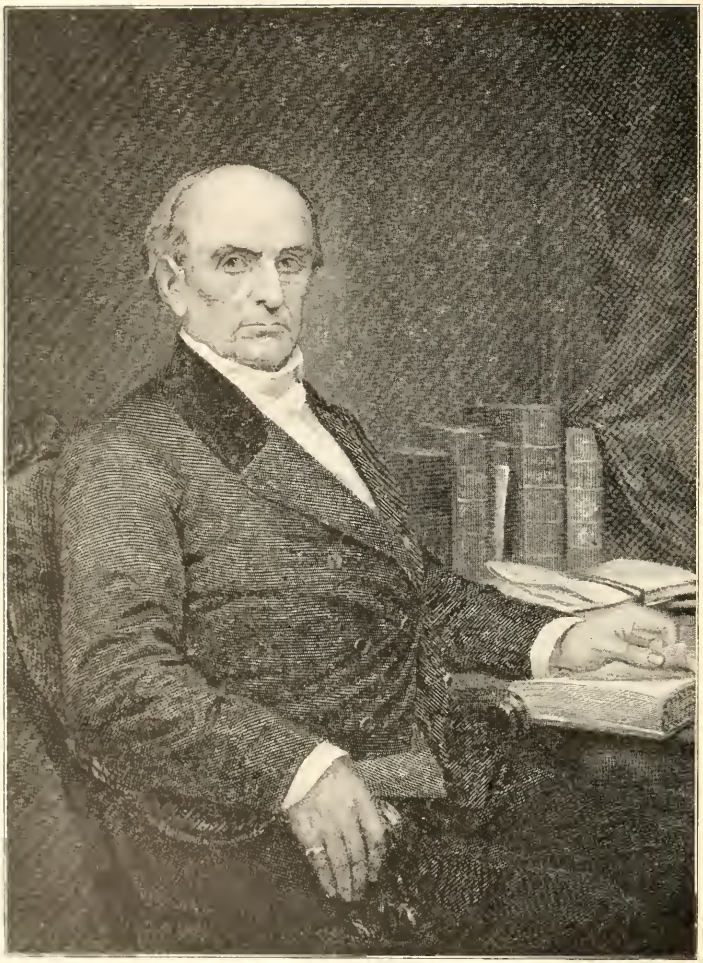

Daml Webster

Great Americans of History

DANIEL WEBSTER

A CHARACTER SKETCH

BY

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WITH SUPPLEMENTARY ESSAY, BY

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TOGETHER WITH

ANECDOTES, CHARACTERISTICS, AND CHRONOLOGY.

H. G. CAMPBELL PUBLISHING CO.

MILWAUKEE.

1903.

IT has been well said, that in order to make a great man or woman, we must begin with the preceding generations, and Daniel Webster came of wonderfully good stock.

Among the Puritans who settled in New Hampshire about the year 1636 was a man who bore the name of Thomas Webster. He was said to be of Scotch extraction, but he was a Puritan of the English race, and his wife was a notable woman in her generation. Her maiden name was Susannah Batchelder, and her striking figure, powerful mentality and wonderful dark eyes, commanded the admiration of her neighbors and friends. It is thought that it was from her, that the distinguished grandson inherited a goodly proportion of his taste for literature, and a certain energy of mind for which the grandmother was noted.

Thomas Webster and his wife had several children who afterward scattered through various parts of the new state, where they earned a somewhat precarious living amidst the founding of new settlements, and among Indians who were often hostile.

In Kingston in 1793 there was born to this family a son who was named Ebenezer. His boyhood was spent in manual labor, but with a naturally strong intellect, he managed also to pick up a little education even amidst his unfavorable surroundings.

He came of age during the French war and enlisted about 1760 in the famous corps which was known as "Roger's Rangers." In their desperate encounters with Indians and Frenchmen on the frontier, the rangers had their full share of hardship and danger, and young Webster, strong in body, and brave by nature, won the respect of his comrades in many a hard fought battle.

When the war closed, the young soldier, true to his pioneer instincts, built a log house in the northern part of Salisbury, (now Franklin) and here he brought his young wife, and began the life of a pioneer farmer, about the year 1763. At that time there was no civilization between him and the far away French settlements in Canada. The primeval woods stretched away from his very door, in an unbroken forest which was the home of dangerous wild animals, and the lurking place of treacherous bands of savages.

He was a splendid specimen of the New England race —a fit representative of ancestors, who for generations had been yoemen and pioneers. Like his mother, he was tall and large, with dark hair and eyes. Daniel used to say that his father was the handsomest man he ever saw except his brother Ezekiel. Having only the little education which he could pick up himself, under adverse circumstances, Ebenezer Webster was compelled to fight

the battle of life against heavy odds. The little family struggled on in the wilderness for ten years, and then the wife died, leaving five children.

Afterwards Mr. Webster married again, the second wife being Abigal Eastman, a young woman of sturdy New Hampshire stock, intelligent, warm hearted, and faithful—a noble wife and mother, who also bore him five children.

When the Revolutionary War broke out, Ebenezer Webster was Captain of the Salisbury militia, composed of sturdy and intelligent workingmen like himself. The news of Lexington and Concord went through the country like an electric thrill, and he quickly led his willing company, to join the increasing Continental forces at Cambridge. This company was added to the minute men, being incorporated in the militia, but serving as volunteers without pay.

These minute men were genuine patriots who having gathered in their crops, and having a month or so that they could spare, used to give their services to the country until it was time to dig their potatoes, then going home to attend to their work and families, after which they would hurry away again to the camp and battlefield.

While Captain Webster was stationed in the vicinity of Boston, he was selected to guard with his company the camp of Washington at Dorchester Heights, and it was here that the Commander-in-Chief consulted with Webster concerning the faithfulness of his section of the country.

He would not have needed to ask if his neighbors were in earnest, if he had seen the document, which Webster had himself drawn up which reads as follows:

"We do most solemnly engage and promise, that we will, to the utmost of our power, at the risk of our lives and fortunes, with arms, oppose the hostile proceedings of

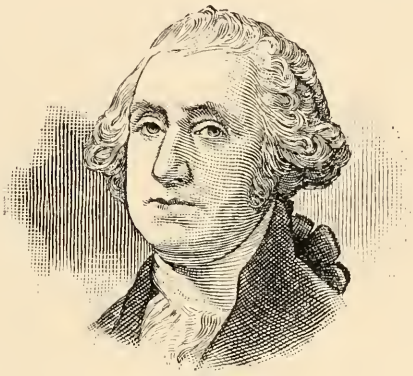
Boston in 1774, from Dorchester Heights.
From Lossing's "Washington and the American Republic."

the British fleets and armies against the United American Colonies."

During the last year of his life, Daniel Webster in speaking of the signers of this pledge said: "In looking up this record, connected with the men of my birthplace, I was glad to find who were the signers, and who were the dissenters. Among the former was my father, with

all his brothers, and the whole of his kith and kin. This is sufficient emblazonry for my arms, enough of heraldry for me."

The elder Webster served bravely and faithfully through the war, taking part in the battles of White Plains and Bennington and in 1780 was posted at West Point. This was shortly before the treason of Arnold and when the traitor's designs were revealed, Washington sent for Webster to guard his tent again on that night, saying, "I believe I can trust you."



George Washington.

The fourth child of the second marriage was a little boy, who came to the frontier home on the eighteenth day of January, 1782, and was christened Daniel. The babe was delicate, and the neighbors used to tell the mother that he probably would not live long, but as she gathered the little thing to her aching heart, she nourished the strong constitution which was somewhere hidden in the frail body, and under her fostering care, the life was developed which meant so much to the young nation.

The child loved nature in all her moods and tenses, and she was a kindly mother, filling his little lungs with

the purest and best of air, and giving generously of the magnetism with which she rewards her devotees. He showed little taste for anything except play, but he was taught to read at a very early age by his mother and sisters, as was the New England custom, and while still very young he was sent to the primitive schools, where even the masters knew very little beyond the rudiments of an education. But after a time his mind was awakened to a thirst for knowledge, and he quickly memorized whatever was set before him. The father was a fine reader, and his sonorous voice, and sympathetic rendition of the reading matter which was available, often furnished a treat for the family during the long winter evenings. He drew most frequently from the great mine of Biblical literature, and it is largely to this fact, that the son was indebted for the grandeur and simplicity of his style.

While still very young he became a fine reader himself, and often the men who came to his father's mill would hitch their horses, and say: "Let's go in and hear little Dan read a psalm." Or perhaps they would coax him out under the trees while they waited, and he would read Biblical extracts to them with all the force of his childish eloquence.

He describes this period of his life in the following language: "I read what I could get to read, went to school when I could, and when not at school, was a farmer's youngest boy, not good for much, for want of health and strength, but expected to do something."

It must be confessed however that he was of very lit-

tle use on the farm, and the story of the scythe is probably a true one.

It is said that one day while mowing by his father's side, he frequently complained that his scythe "was not hung right." His father fixed it several times but without producing any better results, when at last he told the boy to "hang the scythe to suit himself," whereupon the young farmer hung it on a tree, and said, "It is hung exactly right now." It is said that the father laughed, and allowed it to remain there.

It appears that Daniel was never fond of physical effort, and one day when the father left home he gave the two boys, directions to perform some specific work which he found untouched on his return.

With a frown on his face he asked the elder boy what he had been doing all day? "Nothing, sir," replied the son.

"Well Daniel, what have you been doing?"

"Helping Zeke, sir," was the quick reply.

Ezekiel was very fond of his brother, and indeed the whole family accorded to him the petting and the privileges which so often fall to the lot of the family invalid.

These loving methods always inculcate the spirit of selfishness, and Daniel accepted all the favors which were showered upon him, with a feeling that they were his due. Still, he was warm hearted and he at least repaid the family sacrifices with affection.

The following anecdote illustrates the somewhat selfish character of the boy, and the atmosphere in which it was developed.

Ezekiel and Daniel were allowed at one time to go to a fair in a neighboring town, and each was furnished with a little money from the slender family purse. When the boys came home, Daniel was radiant with happiness, while the older boy was very quiet.

The mother at last asked Daniel what he had done with his money?

"Spent it," triumphantly answered the boy.

"And what did you do with yours, Ezekiel?" "Lent it to Daniel," was the subdued reply.

This reckless borrowing of money, without the prospect of any ability to meet his obligations, remained a radical fault in the character of Webster even after he attained to manhood. A book that he wanted was such a temptation, that he would borrow the money of any one upon whose generosity he could prevail, and sometimes it was years before payment could be made.

In 1791 the sterling qualities of Ebenezer Webster procured for him the position of Judge of the local court, with a salary of three or four hundred dollars a year. This was a great accession of wealth to the modest fortunes of the pioneer family, and the father immediately began to think of the education of his children – a favorite project which had hitherto seemed impossible.

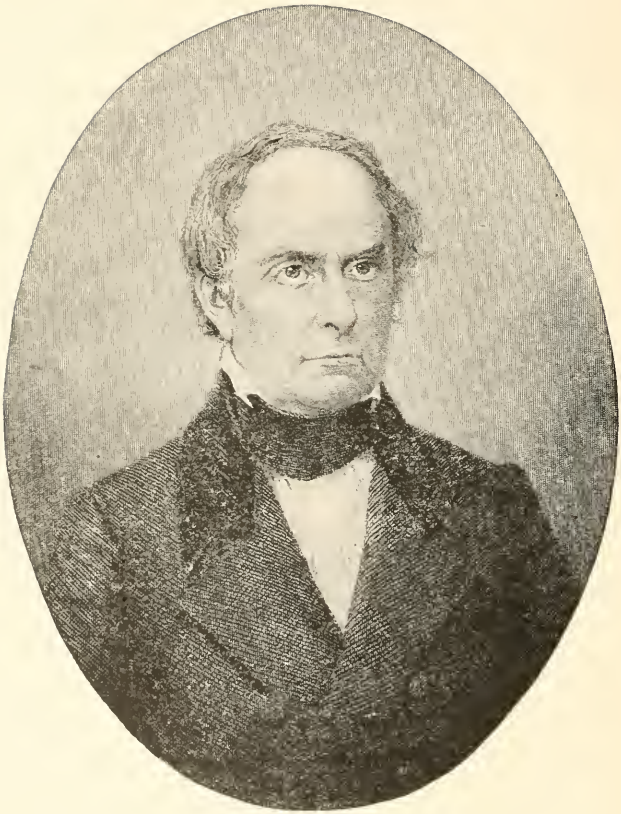
In New England families, it was thought to be a good plan to educate one child for a profession, and the delicate physique of Daniel, which seemed to forbid manual labor, was one reason perhaps, why the choice fell upon him. When the father told the boy of his purpose, and in a manly way expressed his regret that such privileges

had been denied to himself, the pathos of the situation was so great that Daniel never forgot it.

About 1793 the boy was taken to Exeter Academy where he first came into contact with the world. The sensitive lad keenly felt the ridicule, which was freely bestowed upon his rustic dress and country ways. The freedom with which he had entertained his father's kindly neighbors, was lost, and he, who was afterward the great American orator, found it impossible to stand up and deliver a memorized oration before these ill-mannered youths. Still he made real progress, and with the later aid of a private tutor, he managed to enter Dartmouth College in August of 1797.

He was not very well prepared for his collegiate work, and in truth he never could correctly be called a scholar. He was passionately fond of reading and having a wonderful memory, he could make his own whatever he might choose. He said, soon after he left college that he was credited with more scholarship than he deserved, because of his ability to tell all that he did know, to the best advantage, and also that he was careful never to go beyond his depth.

It was at Dartmouth, however, that he successfully cultivated the gift of speech. He would enter the debating society, and, beginning slowly, would soon have the youthful audience entirely under his control. The fame of this unusual eloquence secured for him an invitation to deliver the Fourth of July Address for the people of Hanover in 1800. In this address he sketched rapidly the principal events of the Revolution, and eulogized the



Daniel Webster.
From a Daguerreotype by Brady.

new Constitution. Compared with his later efforts, of course it was boyish enough, but the sentiments are honest and manly, while the literary work was certainly very creditable to a youth of eighteen. In his early speeches he advocated love of country, fidelity to the Constitution and the absolute necessity of the loyalty of the several States to the great whole.

Two other college speeches have been preserved, the one being a eulogy on a class-mate, and the other an address which was given before a college society, and these manifest much the same style, and method of work, which had been shown in the first, and they also indicate the taste for politics which was afterward so fully developed.

Webster was graduated from Dartmouth in 1801, and, returning to his native township, entered the law office of one of his father's friends.

Here he read some law, for which it must be confessed he had little taste, and a great deal more of English literature, but the financial question was pressing the Webster family, and before a year was gone, he became a teacher in the little town of Fryburg, Maine.

He was a successful teacher, having great dignity and affability. His influence over pupils appears to have been very strong, and some of them, even in old age, used to tell of the impressiveness of the scene when the sonorous tones of the young teacher's voice rang out in the morning and evening prayers, with which he always opened and closed his school.

Even as a young man his personal appearance was very striking. He was tall and slender, with black hair,

and the luminous eyes which seemed to fairly burn beneath the heavy brows. His head was massive in structure, while the high, dark forehead, and rugged features gave an appearance of mental strength, which never failed to impress even a careless observer.

The wonderful dark eyes were inherited, through his maternal grandmother, from a talented old preacher by the name of Batchelder. This sturdy character belonged to the early colonial days and was a man of distinction and devoted service among the pioneers.

The early New Englanders were quick to recognize "the Batchelder eyes" which were found in the Webster family, and were also inherited by Caleb Cushing, Nathaniel Hawthorne, John G. Whittier, and other sterling characters of New England history.

The affection between the subject of our sketch, and his older brother had always been very strong, and it was at Daniel's earnest entreaty that the self sacrificing father made an effort to give Ezekiel also, a college education. Having tasted the sweets of learning himself, Daniel was anxious that his brother should be likewise favored.

The father was now in poor health, and the farm was heavily mortgaged. The older son was the main-stay of the family, but the mother pleaded for him, as mothers will, and showed her willingness to give up everything if necessary for the education of her boys. The sisters too, shared willingly in the prospective privations, and Ezekiel began his studies, entering Dartmouth the same year that Daniel was graduated. While at Fryburg,

Daniel Webster, the schoolmaster, was learning a lesson which was a wonderful benefit to his really lovable nature.

He had long been accustomed to receive sacrifices from other members of the family, and now he realized that it was his turn to give some practical evidence of his affection. Out of school hours he did clerical work which he despised, and gave every dollar which he could spare to the loyal brother, who had so long ministered to him.

After three years in college, Ezekiel entered the schoolroom, teaching in Boston, and his salary was sufficient, not only for his own modest needs, but it enabled Daniel to continue his studies in this home of New England culture. He obtained a position in the office of Christopher Gore, an eminent member of the Boston bar, who was afterward a Governor of Massachusetts. Like Webster he was a Federalist in politics, and it was upon this basis that he was elected to the Senate of the United States.

This was a wonderful opportunity for the young lawyer. The professional friends of Mr. Gore were among the leaders of the Massachusetts bar, and the association with this class of men stimulated Webster to his best efforts.

In 1805 he was admitted to the Boston bar, but he returned to New Hampshire and opened an office, where he might be near his father. He went to work with a will, and not only obtained a practice which brought him a modest competence, but he was also winning a

reputation as one of the ablest advocates in the state.

In 1806 the faithful father died, at the age of sixty-seven, and Daniel manfully assumed his financial obligations, waited until Ezekiel was admitted to the bar, then placing the brother in his own office, he went to Portsmouth where, in 1807, he made his home.

Young Webster had always been a favorite with the ladies, but he was a little slow about forming a permanent attachment. When the fine-looking young lawyer appeared in Portsmouth, he was considered a great acquisition to society, especially as his fame had preceded him. Older men were not slow to see that he was one of the most promising advocates in the State, and the girls were interested in the striking personality of the stranger.

He was the recipient of many social attentions, and his brilliant conversational powers made him the centre of attraction at dinners and other functions. But he paid no marked attention to any one in Portsmouth; on the contrary he slipped away from his new friends in the spring of 1808, and went to Salisbury where he found his bride. He was then married to Miss Grace Fletcher who was the daughter of a minister. He had first seen her at church, whither she had gone on horseback wearing a closely fitting black dress.

Daniel said at the time that she "looked like an angel" and he prosecuted his suit with that determination which was so characteristic of the man. The lady in the case was given little opportunity to see other suitors, until the promise was given, and he was surely a very ardent lover. When his powerful mentality and warm-hearted

gallantry were all enlisted in his own cause, he was irresistable in his pertinacity.

The young wife appears to have been a gracious and lovely woman, refined in her feelings and warmly sympathetic with the great work of her husband.

She was fully capable of appreciating him both intellectually and morally, and he made a most affectionate husband. Theirs was a happy home, where congenial spirits found a source of strength in each other, and the love-light in their little cottage illumined whatever of sorrow, the world held for them. They pushed on through life with hearts so warm and close together, that they scarcely felt the storms without.

Mr. Webster was constantly advancing in his profession, winning a greater fame and a more profound respect throughout the State, and being social in his disposition, he and his charming wife were very popular in their home city. Their children grew up around them in this pleasant atmosphere, and the influence of the Webster family became far reaching for good in the community.

During these years of happy domestic relations he was constantly coming forward as a political leader. Like his father and older brother, he belonged to the old party of Washington and Hamilton—being radically opposed to the doctrine of protection. He was more liberal than most of the Federalists of his day; he could not endorse their narrowness and bitterness, and in later years his views became still broader, being largely influenced by his intense national feeling.

When about thirty years of age he was elected as a member of the Thirteenth Congress where he took his seat in May of 1813. Henry Clay was then the Speaker of the House while upon the floor were many men who afterward attained a national reputation. A few months later he delivered an able address opposing Madison and the draft of 1814 which included minors. On this occasion he attacked the whole policy and the conduct of the struggle which is called "the War of 1812." The following extract gives a good idea of this forcible speech:

Henry Clay.

"Give up your futile projects of invasion. Extinguish the fires that blaze on your inland frontier. Establish perfect safety and defence there by adequate force. Let every man who sleeps on your soil, sleep in security. Stop the blood that flows from the veins of unarmed yoemanry, and women and children. Give to the living time to bury, and to lament their dead in the quietness of private sorrow.

"Having performed this work of beneficence and mercy on your inland border, turn and look with the eye of compassion and justice on your vast population along the coast. Unclench the iron grasp of your embargo. Take measures for that end before another sun sets. . . . If

then the war must be continued, go to the ocean. If you are seriously contending for maritime rights, go to the theatre where alone those rights can be defended. Thither every indication of your fortune points you. There the united wishes and exertions of the nation will go with you. Even our party divisions, acrimonious as they are, cease at the water's edge."

Events soon forced the administration to adopt Webster's policy. The embargo was first modified, and before the close of the session, a bill was introduced for its repeal.

Calhoun was Webster's principal antagonist in this matter, and many brilliant passages occurred on the floor of the House.

Perhaps the most important service which Mr. Webster rendered to the country during this Congress, was his determined and successful opposition to such a national bank as was proposed by the members of the national war party. This was a three-sided contest. The war party wanted a bank of large capital with no obligation to make specie payments, but obliged to make heavy loans to the government. This was a proposed state of things which involved of course a large paper currency not redeemable in coin. Another class of men represented the "Old Republican" doctrines and were opposed to any bank at all. The third party, which led by Webster, represented the views of Hamilton and the Federalists, favoring a bank with a reasonable capital, compelled to pay in either gold or silver, and using its own pleasure about making loans to the government.

A bill for the paper money bank came from the senate, and Webster threw the whole force of his argumentative powers against it. He took his position as the foe of irredeemable paper whether in war or peace—as opposed to wild and unrestrained banking privileges of every character. The bill was defeated, and when the result was announced, Calhoun was entirely overwhelmed. It is claimed that he came to Webster, and with tears in his eyes, begged him to aid in establishing a legitimate bank for the good of the country.

Mr. Webster readily consented, the vote was reconsidered, the bill recommitted and brought back, with a reduced capital and freed from the control of the government, so far as forced loans and the suspension of specie payments, were concerned. This bill was passed by a large majority which was led by the Federalists.

It was vetoed by the President, and Webster declared it was done because the administration was not in favor of a sound financial system.

Another paper money scheme was introduced and the fight began over again, but it was terminated by the termination of the war, and on March 4th, the Thirteenth Congress was adjourned.

Mr. Webster was re-elected to the Fourteenth Congress and this was a somewhat stormy time in American annals. There were too many "leaders," to make for peace. Most of the principal men of the old Thirteenth had been returned to their seats, and Henry Clay came home from Europe to resume his position. Besides these there was Pinkney who was considered among the foremost mem-

bers of the American bar, and there was John Randolph with real talent and brilliancy, but with eccentricities enough to nearly balance his genius.

Mr. Webster was late in taking his seat on account of the severe illness of his little daughter Grace, and when he arrived he found Congress at work upon another paper money scheme very similar to the one he had defeated.

John Randolph.

He threw himself at once into the work, and showed that the currency of the United States was sound because it was based upon gold and silver, and these were in his opinion the only constitutional mediums. In reference to to the proposed national bank, he repeated the strong arguments which he had previously made against the power to suspend specie payment. The opposition of Webster and his friends resulted in removing the most obnoxious features of the bill, but he voted against it on its final passage.

Immediately after the passage of the bank bill, Calhoun introduced one requiring the revenue to be collected in lawful money of the United States. After a fierce debate the bill was lost. Then Webster offered resolutions requiring all government dues to be paid in coin, treas-

ury notes, or in notes of the Bank of the United States.

He put these resolutions forward in the face of the fact that the principal which they involved had just been voted down and with one powerful speech, he actually forced their passage, bringing about resumption. This was a signal victory, and after the bank was established it gave us a sound currency and a safe medium of exchange based upon gold and silver coin.

During the excitement of debate in this Congress, John Randolph more than once forgot the claims of courtesy, and once during the time he challenged Webster to mortal combat. He received a dignified reply in which Webster refused to admit Randolph's right to an explanation, and closed by saying that while he did not feel bound to risk his life at any one's bidding he "should always be prepared to repel in a suitable manner, the aggression of any man who may presume on this refusal."

Some biographers claim that this was the only challenge which Webster ever received, but the truth is that in 1825 he received another, and this was also from the hand of Randolph. The secret was well kept, but finally came to light through the memorandum of Thomas Benton, bearing date of Feb. 20, 1825, Benton having been the bearer of the challenge. The diary of John Quincy Adams also explains the circumstances from which the challenge arose. It appears that Webster made a statement which Randolph interpreted as reflecting upon his veracity, and on his return from Europe he wrote the letter to Webster which reads as follows:

"Sir, I learn from unquestionable authority that during my late ab-

sence from the United States, you have indulged yourself with liberties with my name (aspersing my veracity) which no gentleman can take who does not hold himself responsible for such an insult from one.

My friend, Col. Benton, the bearer of this, will arrange the terms of the meeting to which you are hereby invited.

I am Sir,

Your Obedient Servant,

John Randolph."

Webster replied to Benton that he had only intended to state that Mr. Randolph was under a mistake or misapprehension in relation to the facts of the case, and the matter seems to have ended there. Let us be thankful that foolishness of this sort belongs only to the past.

On March 4,1817, the Fourteenth Congress adjourned, and then Mr. Webster retired to private life in order to practice law, as with his growing family he needed a larger income than the salary of a congressman. In Washington he had been admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of the United States, and had tried a few cases before that august tribunal.

This Supreme Court practice led to his removal to Boston where the Webster family made their new home, and where he soon built up a practice worth about twenty thousand dollars a year.

But it was here in 1817 that they lost their daughter Grace, a beautiful child who seemed to inherit her father's expression of face, and perhaps a portion of his great talent. It was a terrible blow to both parents when the little thing died in her father's arms, her last look being given with a loving smile to him.

During his two terms in Congress he had won a na-

tional reputation as a powerful advocate of whatever measure he might endorse. He had gone upon record as a representative of the New England Federalists, who although they were protectionists in theory, had so far modified the old doctrines that they were willing to submit to a moderate tariff when protection seemed unavoidable.

He had also become the champion of payments to be made in either gold or silver coin, and while he had not hesitated to oppose the administration during the war, he was acknowledged as one of the ablest defenders of the Constitution that ever stood upon the floor of Congress. The doctrines of secession which were already at work found in him an opponent whom their ablest advocates did not care to attack.

His name and his powerful personality were recognized as a radical American product. And his voice was always ready to advocate the independence and nationality of our country. The integrity and perpetuity of the great republic was a theme which called forth his grandest efforts. In the north and the south, in the east and the west, his influence was felt as the champion of the Constitution in its integrity, and of the country as one grand united nation.

One of the most brilliant efforts which he made after taking up his residence in Boston, was his argument in the famous Dartmouth College case, which he argued with wonderful power before the Supreme Court of the United States, finally winning the case in behalf of the College. This established a precedent having deep and far-reaching results. It brought within the scope of the Constitution

of the United States, every charter granted by a state, and extended the jurisdiction of the highest federal court, more than any judgment which it had ever rendered. His conduct of this case raised Mr. Webster to a position at the bar which was second only to that which was held by Pinkney, and he was constantly employed in important and lucrative legal work.

Perhaps the finest of Webster's anniversary speeches, was that which was given on the 22nd of December 1820 in commemoration of the landing of the pilgrims at Plymouth Rock, just two hundred years before. It was spoken of at the time as the most eloquent address which had ever been delivered upon this continent, and it was given when the orator was not quite thirty eight years of age.

This was the beginning of the third century in the history of New England. The young nation had passed successfully through the throes of revolution, as well as the hardships of pioneers, and in a long address of more than twenty-four thousand words, the orator eloquently depicted the growth and prosperity of the new country.

He was now the most conspicuous man in New England with the exception perhaps of John Quincy Adams; there was therefore a strong popular current in favor of his return to public life. In 1822, he accepted, with apparent reluctance the nomination to Congress, and in December of 1823 he again took his seat in that august body, this time as a representative of the people of Boston. Mr. Clay gave a public recognition of his importance by placing Webster at the head of the Judiciary Committee

of the House, and he was universally regarded as the most brilliant man on the floor.

His return to Congress was signalized by one of his great speeches, which was made in favor of his own resolution to provide by law, for the expenses incident to the appointment of a commissioner to Greece, should the President approve such an appointment.

The Greeks were then in the throes of revolution, and the American people had much sympathy for them in their brave struggle for liberty.

This speech was not a brilliant classical oration as some of his friends seemed to expect, but it was an expression of his own grand conception of the true mission of the American Union. His object was to show that while we should take no political part in the affairs of Europe, still it was our duty as well as our privilege to exercise an enormous influence upon the public sentiment of the whole world. The national destiny of our country as an educator among the nations, was his theme.

The orator briefly sketched the history of Greece, and especially the brave struggle which she was then making against Turkish barbarity. He recounted the fact that forty thousand women and children who were unhappily saved from the indiscriminate massacre, were sold into a slavery which was infinitely worse. He eloquently pleaded for some expression of practical sympathy for the people who had been so long, and so cruelly oppressed.

Webster's address found a quick response in the heart of Henry Clay who sprang to his feet and enthusiastical-

ly supported the resolution, which he supplemented with another against the interference of Spain in South America.

A stormy debate followed, with Randolph on the other side, and Webster found that Calhoun had misled him concerning the views of the President, in relation to the proposed Greek mission. This combination of circumstances destroyed all hope of a practical result, but the generous sentiments of the speech were widely read. Not only was the address circulated among the English speaking peoples, but it was translated into all the languages of Europe. In Great Britain as well as in America, it was considered the ablest speech which had ever been delivered in the House of Representatives.

The address which was given on June 17, 1825, by Webster at the laying of the corner stone of the Bunker Hill monument was unique as well as eloquent. Speeches had not often been required upon such occasions, but the forcible utterance of the great American orator, made the practice almost universal, and since that time nearly all corner stones are laid with appropriate ceremonies.

Fifty years after that memorable battle was fought, the corner stone of the monument was laid, and there were thousands of faces glowing with sympathy which greeted the orator on that occasion.

There are many masterpieces among Webster's orations. His splendid eulogy upon Adams and Jefferson, ranks among his finest productions. This was given Aug. 2, 1826, and the same year he was chosen Senator. His lecture at the Mechanic's Institute in Boston at

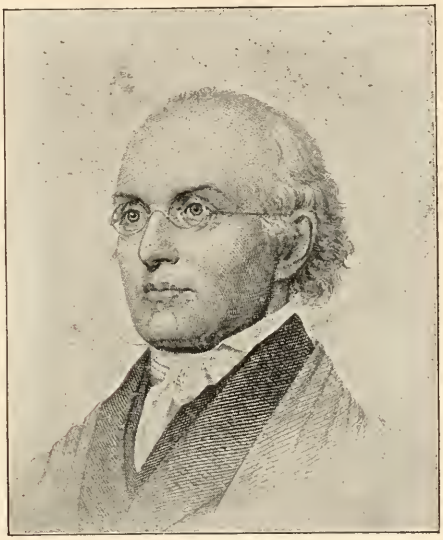
the opening of the course, was delivered Nov. 12, 1828. This was a valuable, scientific lecture, and it gives a good idea of the adaptability of the great orator to various themes. His tastes were largely in this direction, and it will be remembered that when he was graduated, he chose a scientific theme for his address.

The year of 1828 was a memorable one to Webster. In January of that year he lost his beloved wife, and this was by far the most terrible blow which had ever fallen upon him. She had been a comrade and confidential friend, as well as a devoted wife. She was the love of his early manhood and the mother of his children. When he followed her form to the grave, he was pale and listless refusing to be comforted. But the imperative call of duty was a help to him, as it has been to many another sufferer, and he found in hard and continuous work, the greatest relief which can come to a troubled heart, except the one unfailing comfort of the Christian hope.

In a letter to Mr. Ticknor, Judge Story speaks of Webster's first day in the Senate after the death of his wife. "The very day of Mr. Webster's arrival" writes the Judge, "there was a process bill on its third reading, filled as he thought with inconvenient and mischievous provisions. He made, in a modest undertone, some inquiries, and, upon an answer being given, he expressed in a few words his doubts and fears.

"Immediately, Mr. Tazewell from Virginia broke out upon him in a speech of two hours. Mr. Webster then moved an adjournment, and on the next day delivered a most masterly reply, expounding the whole

operation of the intended act in the clearest manner, so that a re-commitment was carried almost without an effort. It was a triumph of the most gratifying nature, and taught his opponents the danger of provoking a trial of his strength, even when he was overwhelmed by calamity."



Joseph Story, LL. D. Born 1779. Died 1845.

Another great effort was the speech which was given on the tariff of 1828, a bill making extensive changes in the rates of duties imposed in 1816 and 1824.

This address marked an important epoch in his political career. He now yielded his place as the ablest advocate in the country of free trade, and went over to the support of the "American System" as it was advocated by Henry Clay.

He was subjected to severe criticism for so doing, but he argued that it was merely a question of commerce, and when it became the interest of New England to advocate protection, he was justified in standing by his constitu-

ents. The act in favor of the tariff was passed in May, 1828, and soon afterward the South Carolina delegation held a meeting for the purpose of inaugurating methods to resist its operation. There were popular uprisings in South Carolina, and in the following autumn there issued from the State Legislature the famous "exposition and protest," which emanated from Calhoun, and which advocated the principles of nullification in the strongest terms. President Jackson was then inaugurated, but Calhoun and his state never lost sight of their point, and they were always ready to bring it to the front whenever there was an opportunity.

Andrew Jackson.

In 1829 Daniel Webster met with another severe loss in the death of his brother Ezekiel. This was a life long grief, for the affection between them had been stronger than often exists between brothers. Another change in his life was also made by second marriage, the bride being Miss Leroy of New York. It appears that he lived amicably with her, but she could never be to him, the great treasure which he found in the wife of his youth.

The loss of his brother, and this second marriage seemed to make a complete break in his life. A still wider fame lay before him, but there were political scandals, also which, although probably unjustified, still had more or less effect upon him. During the latter part of his life there were many bitter attacks upon him, and some of

these were made in public. On January 19, 1830, General Hayne of South Carolina made an unwarranted attack on the New England states, accusing them of an effort to prevent the development of the west by means of the protective policy, and invited a movement to induce the west and the south to make common cause against the tariff.

Webster felt that such a speech could not pass unnoticed, and the next day, he replied to it, showing the groundlessness of the attack, and tearing Hayne's elaborate argument to pieces.

Humiliated and angry, Hayne insisted on the presence of Mr. Webster in the Senate the next day. He then made a bitter attack, not only upon New England, but especially upon Massachusetts, and even upon Webster personally. Leaving the question of the tariff, almost entirely, he made a strong secession speech, and boldly planted the standard of nulification in the very Senate of the United States.

It was a masterly effort,and many of Webster's friends, struck with the brilliancy and real ability of Hayne, began to enquire of each other "Can Webster answer that?"

Mrs. Webster was present at the Capitol, and was greatly agitated by the fire and force of the hero of South Carolina. She rode home with a friend in advance of her husband, and waited anxiously for him.

At last he came tramping up to the door with a heavy tread, and the wife rushing into the hall, with tears in her eyes, anxiously enquired, "Can you—can you answer Mr. Hayne?"

With a sort of a roar the great Northern Lion turned upon his heel with the words: "Answer him! I'll g-r-i-n-d him to powder."

The next day, just as he was going into the Senate chamber, Mr. Bell of New Hampshire said to him, "It is a critical moment and it is time, it is high time, that the people of this country should know what this Constitution is."

"Then" answered Webster, "by the blessing of heaven, they shall learn this day, before the sun goes down, what I understand it to be."

In due time the Websterian thunder rolled through the arches of the Capitol, and the process of grinding General Hayne, was commenced in good earnest.

Webster began his immortal reply by bringing his opponent back to the subject which was under discussion, and calling for the reading of the resolution in relation to the proposed instruction of the committee on public lands. He then said:

"We have thus heard, sir, what the resolution is, which is actually before us for consideration; and it will readily occur to every one, that it is almost the only subject, about which something has not been said, in the speech running through two days, by which the Senate has now been entertained by the gentleman from South Carolina

"Every topic in the wide range of our public affairs, whether past or present—everything, general or local, whether belonging to national politics, or party politics —seems to have attracted more or less of the honorable

gentleman's attention, save only, the resolution before the Senate."

He then followed Hayne over the most important points upon which he had touched. In relation to the extension of slavery, he argued that he had never made any attack on the institution in itself, for although believing it to be wrong, and being decidedly opposed to its extension, he still believed that slavery within their borders was a question which should be decided by the southern people themselves.

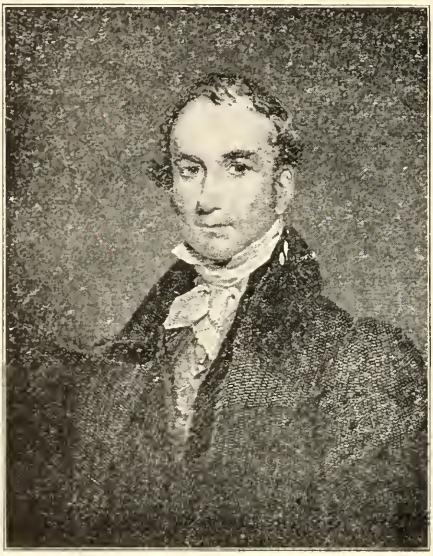
This address was the crowning point of a long and successful public career. On the morning of the memorable day, the Senate chamber was packed to its utmost capacity on floor and galleries, all available standing room being filled.

In the hush of expectation the champion of the Constitution arose to his feet, and his splendid personality at once thrilled the hearts of the listeners.

His commanding figure, massive head, and dome like forehead, his strong features and deep magnetic eyes, had their full effect even while he spoke in low measured tones. But when he arose to the full appreciation of the situation—when his reasoning, his sarcasm, his pathos and burning appeals to the loyalty of his hearers came in an eloquent torrent from his lips, a new fire came into the wonderful eyes, a new glow swept over the dark face, and a new life seemed to pervade his whole being.

His voice which had at first been low aud musical, was now ringing out like a clarion call to duty, and his right arm seemed to sweep away every vestige of the

sophistry of his opponent. The effect was not only magical, but enduring, and this address has gone down into history as one of the most powerful on record, among the many splendid speeches which have been called forth by our Constitution and our country.



Louis McLane.
American Statesman. Born 1786. Died 1857.

Such was the eclat derived from his celebrated reply to Hayne that people began to talk of Webster as a candidate for the presidency, and this vaulting ambition took possession of his heart.

In 1831 Martin Van Buren was nominated as Minister to England, and he departed on his mission some time before the question of his confirmation came up in the Senate.

Webster opposed the confirmation with all the earnestness and eloquence of which he was master. He based his attack upon the conduct of Van Buren in 1829 when as Secretary of State, he had instructed Mr. McLane, the Minister to England, to re-open negotiations on the sub-

ject of the West India trade, thereby reflecting on the previous administration, and it was claimed also that Van Buren had said that "the party in power would not support the pretensions of its predecessors."

Webster argued that this was the first instance in which an American minister had been sent abroad as the representative of his party, and not as a representative of his country! His opposition was successful and the nomination was rejected, but this rejection created so much sympathy for Van Buren that it insured his nomination and election to the presidency, which would otherwise probably, have fallen to Daniel Webster.

In November of 1832 South Carolina in convention passed her famous ordinance, nullifying the revenue laws of the United States, and afterward her legislature enacted laws to carry out the ordinance, and gave an open defiance to the United States Government. The whole country was excited. John C. Calhoun had resigned the vice-presidency, accepted the senatorship of South Carolina, and went to the Capital as the champion of the doctrines of secession.

But "Old Hickory" as Jackson was called, issued the historic proclamation on December 10, before Congress assembled, in which he took the same position which Webster had so ably sustained, in his reply to Hayne, and from this document the South Carolinians learned that, although a native of the South, the President of the United States had no sympathy with treason—that he would enforce the laws of the Government even at the point of the bayonet, if need be.

A member of Congress from South Carolina, who called upon him, inquired on leaving, if he had any commands for his friends. Jackson answered, "Yes, I have; please give my compliments to my friends in your state and say to them that, if a single drop of blood shall be shed there, in opposition to the laws of the United States, *I will hang the first man I can lay my hands on, who is engaged in such treasonable conduct, on the first tree I can reach.*"

Mr. Webster was in New Jersey on his way to Washington when Jackson's vigorous proclamation fell into his hands; when he reached Philadelphia he met Henry Clay, and a little later received a copy of a bill, which was designed for the purpose of doing away with the tariff gradually, by persistent reductions. It was also intended to prevent the imposition of further duties, and in other ways force the country as soon as possible to come into harmony with the views of the South Carolinians. But this wholesale compromise was not at all in harmony with Webster's feelings.

There had been open resistance to constitutional laws, and until obedience had been rendered in this particular, he felt that any consideration of this question of compromise, was an insult to the whole nation. He immediately allied himself with the administration, claiming that there would be time enough to talk of concessions after the national honor had been fully vindicated.

At the opening of the session, a message was sent to Congress asking that provision might be made to enable the President to enforce the laws by using both land and

naval forces if necessary. This was a radical measure which set the whole country in commotion, but it was the only thing which the Chief Executive could honorably do.

The message was referred to a committee who promptly reported the famous "Force Bill." This bill embodied the principles of the message, and met with the cordial approval of the President. But a portion of Jackson's own party went into revolt, for many of them were Southerners, and they could not bring themselves to endorse the coercion of South Carolina.

Mr. Webster proved a veritable tower of strength to the administration, and on Feb. 8, 1833, he announced in his usual forcible and eloquent words, that he was wholly on the side of the Constitution and the laws, and that he should give them his most earnest support.

The camp of the enemy quailed, Mr. Calhoun being alarmed for the success of his measure. It was known also that the sturdy occupant of the Executive Chair was indulging in threats of hanging the traitors. Calhoun therefore hurried to Henry Clay, and it was arranged that Clay should introduce a tariff bill which was a modification of the other, but still gave to South Carolina nearly all that she asked.

On the 11th, Clay presented the bill which he advocated in one of his most brilliant speeches, arguing that only in this way could the tariff be preserved. Webster briefly opposed the bill, and introduced a series of resolutions combating the proposed measure and attacking the evident willingness to abandon the rightful powers of

Congress. But before he could speak in behalf of his resolutions, the "Force Bill" was brought before the house and John C. Calhoun in speaking of it made his celebrated argument in behalf of nulification. He was ably met, however, by the champion of the Constitution and the law. On the 16th day of February, 1833, in the midst of a most exciting congressional contest, Webster replied to Calhoun in his celebrated speech entitled, "The Constitution not a Compact."

"Perhaps," says Mr. Curtis, "there is no speech ever made by Mr. Webster that is so close in its reasoning, so compact and so powerful." He defended the Constitution as it was, and also as that which it had come to mean. This speech came to be a valuable document on constitutional law. It was an eloquent denunciation of the doctrines of secession, and he was not without proof that South Carolina was now denouncing the very principles which she had once warmly advocated.

This splendid address gave voice to the loyalty of the nation, and no doubt it contributed very largely to the magnificent moral strength and courage, which afterward carried it triumphantly through four years of war, and, placed its banner upon the mountain tops of victory, with never a star torn from its azure field.

While this fierce debate was going on and friends of the Constitution were pushing the "Force Bill" to a vote, Clay was exerting himself to the utmost to bring forward the tariff bill in the interest of compromise. The "Force Bill," however, was passed on Feb. 20th. It was followed immediately by the bill which Clay advocated, and which

Webster vigorously opposed. He argued that it would be criminal to sacrifice the interests of the whole nation in order to soothe the wounded pride of South Carolina. Clay did not then press a vote which he knew must result in the loss of his measure, but he succeeded in getting his tariff bill passed promptly by the House, after which it passed the Senate although Webster voted against it. Therefore the irritations of South Carolina were soothed for the time being, and the principles of secession were cultivated assiduously for a later and more vigorous crop of the same product.

In the autumn of the same year, Webster had a prolonged struggle with the President, in relation to the Bank of the United States. He came into the fight fortified with a set of resolutions from the people of Boston, and censured Jackson for the deplorable condition of business which had obtained, in consequence of the removal of the government deposits from the National Bank.

He found that the Executive who was so opposed to one National Bank, had now been the means of creating a large number of small institutions called state banks, and to these the collection of public revenue had been intrusted. After the presentation of the Boston resolutions and before the close of the session, he spoke upon this subject in its various forms, no less than sixty-four times.

He finally gained the victory over the administration, and the struggle resulted in the consolidation of the Whig party, as representing the opposition to unconstitutional encroachments by the President of the United States.

In April of 1839, Mr. Webster went to England for a

long needed rest, taking with him his wife and daughter, and also Mrs. Paige, the wife of his brother-in-law. Miss Webster was at this time engaged to be married to Mr. Samuel Appleton, a member of the Boston family of that name; but her father could not consent to a speedy marriage, so it was arranged that Mr. Appleton should go later in company with the son, Mr. Edward Webster, who was then a student in Dartmouth College, and the marriage should take place in England.

William H. Harrison.
Ninth President. Born 1773. Died 1841.

The "Gazette," in making the announcement of his arrival said, "We cordially welcome to our shores this great and good man, and accept him as a fit representative of all the great and good qualities of our trans-Atlantic brethren."

The day after the announcement, the street in front of his hotel was crowded with carriages, and he at once become a lion in English Society.

Afterward they made a delightful trip through Scotland, and on the 24th of September the marriage of the daughter took place at St. George's in Hanover Square.

General Harrison was nominated for the Presidency by the Whigs, on the 4th of December, 1839.

This was the first bit of political news which Mr. Web-

ster received when the pilot came on board the ship as it approached New York on the 29th of the month.

The dreams of retirement in which he had indulged when embarking for home, were given to the winds, for he had arrived in a time of such political excitement that he could not well resist the influences which were drawing him into the powerful current. And yet his first address after reaching home was in relation to the products of the soil.

The Legislature of Massachusetts assembled in the following month, and being composed mostly of farmers, they were anxious to hear from Mr. Webster on the subject of English agriculture.

He met them in the hall of the House of Representatives on the evening of January 13, 1840, and talked in an easy conversational way to his brother farmers, concerning the observations which he had made while abroad.

He was then in the full maturity of his manhood being about fifty-seven years of age, and it is said that he had seldom presented a more imposing personal appearance than on that evening.

He wore his usual evening dress and also the long black broadcloth cloak which was so fashionable at that time. This graceful garment hung from his shoulders and seemed to give additional height to his commanding figure. His dark eyes had lost none of their fire, and the dark hair having turned slightly gray, gave an air of scholarly refinement to the rugged features.

His address was a carefully summary of the best methods of English agriculture, showing how the soil might

be enriched instead of impoverished, by a wise system of rotation of crops.

He soon found himself however in the midst of an exciting political campaign and he threw himself into it with all his soul. During the summer of 1840 he spoke in Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia.

It will be remembered that in 1833-34 he made sixty-four speeches in the Senate on the bank question, but he did more than this, during that campaign, and under more difficult circumstances. He was now compelled to explain the subject of national finance to large audiences who were more or less ignorant of the subject, but he achieved a wonderful success, showing that he was entirely capable of reaching the masses, and still retain the dignity of the statesman.

His speeches were not only listened to by thousands, but they were published, and read by tens of thousands.

His eloquent words fell upon willing ears, for the people were smarting under the lash of "hard times," and they readily sympathized with the orator who so severely criticized Jackson, and so earnestly demanded a change in the political administration of the government. The result was an overwhelming victory for the Whigs, and the Jackson democracy was buried beneath a "land-slide."

Mr. Webster had been re-elected to the Senate in January of 1839 for the six year term, and had taken his seat at the first session of the Twenty Sixth Congress on the 29th of January, 1840.

General Harrison having been elected by an overwhelming majority, turned to Webster and Clay as his

strongest supporters inviting them to Cabinet positions—Clay declined, but Webster accepted the portfolio of the State Department, and resigning his seat in the Senate February 22, 1841, he took his place in the Cabinet the following March.

Before the new President took his seat he had prepared a grandiloquent inaugural speech, and came to Washington with his manuscript loaded with allusions to Roman history. He handed this to the man who was to be the Secretary of State, for his approval, and doubtless expecting to be complimented upon his classical knowledge. Webster was amused, but the situation was too grave to be passed by with a smile, and after the exercise of a great deal of patience and tact, he succeeded in pruning the inaugural down to a much better literary condition.

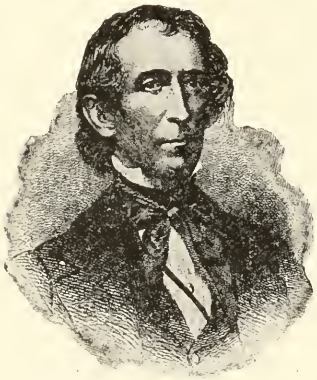
When he returned that evening to the house of the friend where he was stopping, he looked so weary and anxious that the lady of the house asked him if anything had happened.

"You would think something had happened," replied Webster, "if you knew what I have been doing—I have killed seventeen Roman pro-consuls." It had been a cruel proceeding to poor Harrison, no doubt, for his classical allusions were very dear to his literary vanity, but the finer mental training of Webster fortunately prevailed.

After only one month of official life Gen. Harrison suddenly died, and the duty of settling the form to be observed on such occasions devolved upon Mr. Webster.

When President Tyler was inaugurated, he earnestly requested the Secretary of State to remain at his post, and

subsequent developments proved the wisdom of his choice. At the opening of this administration, our relations with England were such, that war seemed almost inevitable. The unsettled condition of our north-eastern boundary had been a source of irritation to both countries for more than fifty years, and the problem now seemed to be as far from settlement as ever, and indeed new complications were constantly arising.



John Tyler. Tenth President.
Born 1790. Died 1862.

It had been agreed that there should be a new survey and a new arbitration, and the problem now before both countries, was the difficulty of finding some one to survey and to arbitrate, who would be acceptable to all parties. After the adjustment of many annoying complications, Mr. Webster proposed to agree upon a conventional line which had been made known to England by the British Minister, Mr. Fox. Soon afterward Lord Ashburton who was known to be friendly to the United States, was selected by Great Britain to go to Washington on a special mission. This envoy reached the Capitol in April of 1842, and negotiations were immediately commenced.

There were many complications some of them being of a delicate nature, and one of these arose not long before the negotiations began. The *Creole* was a slave ship on

which the negroes succeeded in obtaining the control, and taking possession of her, they carried her into an English port in the West Indies where assistance was refused to the crew, and the slaves were allowed to go free.

This was an incident concerning which England was very sensitive, and the Southern States exceedingly indignant, and it required a great deal of tact and careful statesmanship on the part of our Secretary, to avoid this rock of bitterness until the main issue could be adjusted.

Maine and Massachusetts were in trouble because in the proposed adjustments they were to be losers, while the benefits which were derived by the United States accrued to New Hampshire and Vermont.

Mr. Webster allayed the irritation here, by proposing that the United States indemnify these states in money for their lost territory. He finally succeeded in obtaining the consent of the State Commissioners. The right of search which was claimed by England, for the suppression of the slave trade was compromised by a clause which enabled each nation to keep its own squadron on the coast of Africa, and they were to enforce separately the laws of each government.

In the case of the *Creole*, Webster argued that the negroes were demanded not because they were slaves, but because they were mutineers and murderers. The result was the preparation of a clause which carefully avoided any obligation on the part of England to return fugitive slaves, but it did require the extradition of criminals.

Mr. Webster also wrote a forcible letter to Lord Ash-

burton on the subject of impressment which had been the cause of the trouble of 1812.

He declared that if they took sailors out of our vessels, we would fight. The statement was couched to be sure, in more diplomatic terms, to the effect that, in future "in every American merchant vessel, the crew who navigate the ship, will find their protection in the flag which is over them."

This simple statement on the part of our Secretary settled the whole matter, and it is now regarded as an important principle of international law.

Thus by careful diplomacy, a long and threatening international dispute was settled, at a time when Great Britain was making active preparations for war.

It was one of the most important as well as one of the most successful diplomatic cases in the history of our country, and in conducting it, Mr. Webster did not hesitate to call in the best legal assistant counsel within his reach, being especially aided by the able advice of his old friend Judge Story, whose assistance he was not always generous enough to publicly acknowledge.

It is known that this well known treaty had a stormy passage both through the United States Senate, and through the British Parliament, but finally the complications were adjusted.

Even after this, General Cass who was then our minister to France, not only protested against the treaty and denounced it, but actually threatened to leave his post on account of it.

This led to a public correspondence in which Cass was

compelled to acknowledge that he was completely defeated by the Secretary of State. This was the last important war of words on this subject, and the work was accepted by both countries as being complete.

During many long years of public life Mr. Webster found much of rest and comfort in his country home at Marshfield. This was a fine estate on the shore of the sea, and the monotonous rhythm of the breakers soothed his tired nerves.

Lewis Cass, American Statesman.
Born 1782. Died 1866.

His own description of this property is found in a letter which was written to Mrs. Custis, bearing date of May 26, 1842.

"An old fashioned two story house," he writes, "with a piazza all around it, stands on a gentle rising, facing due south, and distant fifty rods from the road.

"Beyond the road is a ridge of hilly land, not very high, covered with oak wood, running in the same direction as the road, and leaving a little depression exactly opposite

the house through which the southern breezes fan us of an afternoon. I feel them now, coming, not over beds of violets, but over Plymouth Bay—fresh if not fragrant.

"A carriage-way leads from the road to the house, not bold and impudent, right up straight to the front door, like the march of a column of soldiers, but winding over the lower parts of the ground, sheltering itself among trees and hedges, and getting possession at last, more by grace than by force, as other achievements are best made.

"Two other houses are in sight, one a farm house, cottage built, at the end of an avenue, so covered up with an orchard as to be hardly visible; the other, a little farther off in the same direction, very neat and pretty, with a beautiful field of grass by its side.

"Opposite the east window of the east front room, stands a noble spreading elm, the admiration of all beholders. Beyond that, is the garden sloping to the east, and running down until the tide washes the lower wall.

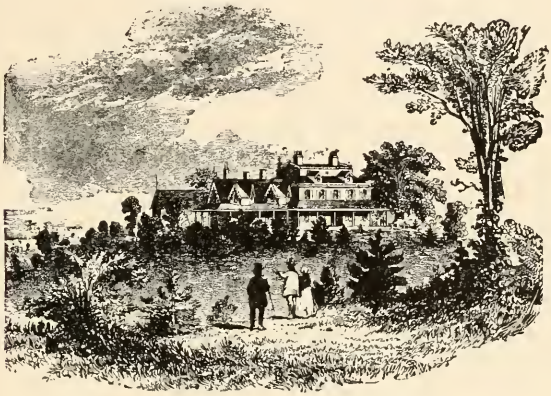
"Back of the house are such vulgar things as barns; and on the other side, that is, to the north and northwest is a fresh pond of some extent, with green grass growing down to its margin, and a good walk all around it. On one side, the walk passes through a thick belt of trees, planted by the same hand that now indites this description.

"I say nothing of orchards and copses and clumps because such things may be seen in vulgar places. But now comes the climax. From the doors, from the windows, and still better from twenty little elevations, all of which are close by, you see the ocean, reposing in calm, or terrific in storm, as the case may be.

"There, now you have Marshfield, and let us recapitulate.

"1st. The ocean—when that is mentioned, enough is said.

"2nd. A dry pure air,—not a bog nor a ditch, nor an in-



Marshfield, the Home of Daniel Webster.

fernal gutter within five miles—not a particle of exhalation but from the ocean, and a running New England stream.

"3rd. A walk of a mile, always fit for ladies feet (when not too wet) through the orchard and the belt of timber.

"4th. Five miles of excellent hard beach driving on the sea shore. A region of pine forest, three miles back, dark and piney in appearance and in smell, as you ever witnessed in the remotest interior."

It was here that he enjoyed the fresh air, and spent much of his time in looking after the comfort of the domestic animals. He prided himself, upon possessing the finest horses, sheep, swine and fowls in the vicinity.

Of his oxen he was especially fond, and he knew all of his sturdy healthful animals by name.

On his return from Washington he would go into the house and greet the family, and then without stopping to sit down, would go out to the barn to see the dumb members of his larger family, going from one to the other, patting them, stroking their faces and feeding them from his hand.

He was especially fond of showing them to his guests and one day, as he stood beside a friend, feeding the oxen with ears of corn, his son Fletcher amused himself by playing with a dog.

Settee from the House of Webster at Marshfield.

"My son," said Mr. Webster, "you do not seem to care much for this. For my part, I like it; I would rather be here than in the Senate—I find better company."

It is said that only about a week before his death, he had his fine oxen driven up before the house, that he might again look upon their sleek forms, and into their beautiful eyes.

It was here, in this beloved Marshfield, that he enjoyed fishing in company with his sturdy sailor, and boatman, Seth Peterson. Peterson was a queer old salt whom Mr. Webster had picked up, and who was his constant companion on the water for fifteen years. He was a quick-

witted, humerous old fellow, and Mr. Webster used to credit him with many bright speeches.

Although his relations with President Tyler were cordial, some political complications arose which were distasteful to him, and in the spring of 1843 he resigned his position in the Cabinet, and retired to his beloved home in Marshfield.

His work had been eminently successful, having given valuable service to the country during a critical period of her foreign relations, and no one except possibly John Adams had attained greater success in the administration of the State Department than did Daniel Webster.

He was counted one of the best farmers in the country even though his estates were administered with the same general financial carelessness which characterized all his business. He never kept regular accounts, nor had them kept, and no doubt his two beautiful farms were a source of more expense than income. He could earn money easily in his profession, but he had very little judgment about using it, and his unfortunate investments, more than once called for the kindly assistance of his friend, who relieved him from embarrassment.

Perhaps he never enjoyed Marshfield more than at this time when it was frequently cheered by the presence of his daughter, Mrs. Appleton. His library was now placed in a room which she had planned for it, and here he spent many hours of happy work, while from every window he could catch glimpses of the fields, the streams, the hills and the ocean.

In these palmy days on the Marshfield estate, his table

was largely supplied from the products of his own farm. Besides the fresh vegetables, there were also his own beef, mutton and poultry, with fish that swam the same morning in the ocean, or in stream, and the wild fowl which were found on his own domain.

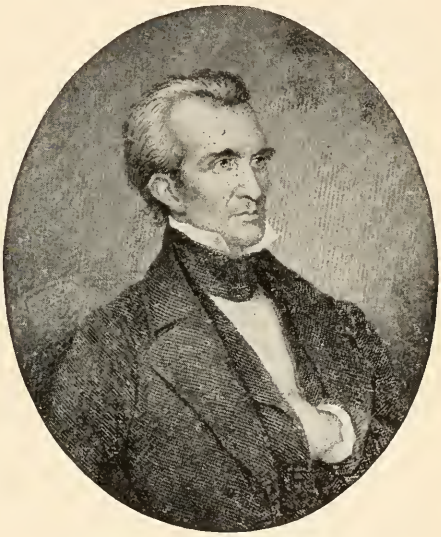
All that an old fashioned New England garden and orchard could furnish in the way of fruit, added to the dinner. Mr. Webster was not a large eater but was somewhat critical in his tastes. He was especially fond of brown bread—said he did not see how any one could live without it, and the fishes fresh from the sea, or in the case of the cod, salted over night and then broiled, were greatly to his taste.

During this summer he delivered the second Bunker Hill address upon the completion of the monument. It was largely through the influence of the speech upon the laying of the corner stone, that the public interest had been kept alive until the people were enabled to complete the most imposing monumental structure which had then ever been erected upon American soil.

The resting times of Mr. Webster were few and far between, and in 1844 when Henry Clay was nominated for the Presidency, he gave him a vigorous support. During this campaign he made a series of powerful speeches, mostly upon the tariff. Clay was defeated but it was impossible for Webster to keep out of politics, and when Choate resigned in the winter of 1844-45 he was again elected senator from Massachusetts. In March of 1845, he took his seat in the Senate for his last term.

He was absent when the scheming and intrigue of

Polk and others culminated in the war with Mexico, so that his vote was not given either way, but he resisted the drafting system, opposed the continued prosecution of the war, and especially deprecated the acquisition of new territory by conquest claiming that it threatened the very existence of the nation, the principles of the Constitution and the Constitution itself. This war, however, cost him dearly, for his second son, Edward Webster, died at San Angel, eight miles from the City of Mexico, of typhoid fever which had been contracted on the march. Young Webster was a major in the regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers serving in Mexico. He was accompanied by a faithful negro servant by the name of Henry Pleasants, who had lived with Mr. Webster for a long time.



James K. Polk. Eleventh President.
Born 1795. Died 1849.

Henry had been a slave in a family where Mr. Webster boarded in Washington, and being cruelly treated there, the northern statesman had bought him, and given him his freedom. He was now married however, and

when Edward expressed a wish for him to go with him, it was thought doubtful whether he would be willing to go. But he was so strongly attached to Webster and his family, that when the soldier proposed it to him, he replied: "I will go with you, Master Edward, to the ends of the earth."

The young officer had one severe illness soon after reaching Mexico, and returned home broken in health and with the firm conviction, that only the faithful care of Henry had saved his life. When he had partly recovered his health, he determined to rejoin his regiment, and the faithful negro insisted upon again going with him. But although he had the same affectionate watchfulness and service, Edward Webster died in a foreign land when only twenty eight years of age.

Henry brought the body home, and with it the favorite horse which Edward had continued to watch and feed from his bed room window during his illness.

Mr. Webster told the story to Mr. Ticknor, and while the tears were streaming down his cheeks, he added: "I paid five hundred dollars for Henry, and it was the best spent money that I ever laid out in my life."

The body arrived in Boston, May 1, only a few hours before the loved form of his sister, Mrs. Appleton, was consigned to the tomb, she having died on April the twenty-eighth. The body of Edward was taken to the same tomb on the fourth of May, under military escort, and attended by relatives and friends. A most appropriate and fervent religious service having been held at the house of Mr. Paige, the brother-in-law of Mr. Webster.

"On the tenth of May," Mr. Webster writes, "I planted two weeping elms on the lawn in front of the house at Marshfield, as a kind of memorial to the memory of a lost son and daughter. They are to be called 'The Brother and Sister.' There were present myself and wife, and my son Daniel Fletcher Webster, and wife, and my daughter's two eldest children, viz. Caroline LeRoy Appleton, and Samuel Appleton. My daughter left five children, but Edward Webster was never married."

These two deaths coming so near together were a terrible blow to the fond father, but a public man cannot linger at the tomb of his dear ones. He was sustained by the strong comfort of the Christian hope, being a firm believer in revealed as well as natural religion.

Devotional tenderness was always the deepest cord in his nature, and it responded promptly to the needs of his great heart, when terrible trouble came to him.

One child only, remained to him now, of all the little family which had gathered around him in the happy days at Portsmouth and Boston, and he went sadly at work to prepare for his family and himself, a resting place at Marshfield.

As soon as he could control himself sufficiently, he again returned to the post of duty at Washington where considerable political changes had taken place during his enforced absence. He was in his seat on the twenty-ninth of the May which had been the scene of so much suffering to himself and family.

By all the laws of political justice, Mr. Webster should have been the nominee of his party for the Presidency at

this time, but the victories of General Taylor in Mexico made him a tempting candidate and a movement was set on foot to bring about this nomination, the managers planning to give Webster the second place on the ticket, and thereby avail themselves of his great popularity, and invaluable services.

But Mr. Webster strongly disapproved of military men for the office of President of the United States, especially in cases where military success was the only qualification for office. The position which the administration under Taylor, would take in reference to the questions connected with the incorporation into the Union of the newly acquired territory, was not known.

Zachary Taylor. Twelfth President. Born 1784. Died 1850.

Besides this, there was the bitter disappointment, and we cannot wonder that he spurned the offer of a second place on the ticket as a personal insult, and openly refused to endorse Taylor's candidacy. Henry Clay was also a candidate, and although when the convention was assembled, Massachusetts voted steadily for Webster, Taylor was nominated.

Webster was sorely tempted to go home and rest and leave the party to the fate which it so richly deserved, but loyalty to the old standard came to the rescue, and he made a speech at Marshfield, in which he said that

"the nomination was not fit to be made" but he argued that General Taylor was personally a brave and honorable man, and as the choice lay between him and the Democratic candidate, General Cass, he should vote for Taylor and advise all his friends to do so.

After Taylor was elected and before he was inaugurated, in the winter of 1848—49, there began a conflict in Congress which led to the delivery of Webster's celebrated address on "The Compromises of the Constitution."

This speech which called forth much severe criticism, was strongly in favor of the Union. Indeed his great love for the Union was apparently the cause of the great mistake of his life which was voiced in this speech, for as he advanced in years he became so anxious for peace between the North and South, that he advocated the great compromise of Henry Clay in regard to slavery.

The main features of the compromise being the admission of California with her free Constitution; the organization of the acquired territory without reference to slavery; a guaranty of the existence of slavery in the District of Columbia, until Maryland should consent to its abolition; provision for the more effectual enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law, and a declaration that Congress had no power over the slave trade, between the slave holding states.

Webster, the invincible, had become anxious for peace at any price, and he felt that the rising tide of the free soil movement in the north must be checked, or civil war and possibly a disruption of the Union would result.

He wished to act as a peace maker between the aggres-

sive South, bound together by slavery, as the greatest political force in the country, and the Free Soil party with its earnest moral sentiment without political power.

But "God and one make a majority," and a few years more, saw the little Free Soil party in 1856 polling nearly a million and a half of votes for Fremont. After that, its strides were magnificent, but freedom was blood bought, and dearly our Republic paid for the support which she had given to a great and terrible wrong.

Millard Fillmore. Thirteenth President
Born 1800. Died 1874.

General Taylor died suddenly on July 9, 1850, and Fillmore succeeded to the Presidency. He at once offered the portfolio of State to Mr. Webster, who accepted it, resigned his seat in the Senate, and on July 23, assumed the new position.

It is true that during the second term of office as Secretary of State, there was no great international negotiation like that of the Ashburton treaty, but there were many questions of an important character which were adjusted with Mr. Webster's usual tact and ability.

Besides his official duties, a vast amount of matter from his pen found its way into the public prints, as his utterances upon all important topics were freely circulated and read.

In the meantime, another presidential election was

drawing near, and another attempt was made to secure the Whig nomination for Webster.

It was evidently the last opportunity which his country would have for conferring this honor upon him, for he was now advancing in years, and his health was by no means assured. His nomination was also desired by a large body of men throughout the country, who did not ordinarily take a very active interest in politics, but who looked to him as an exponent of the highest principles, as well as a representative of the greatest ability of the nation.

His administration of the Department of State had always been considered prudent and successful, while his services to the party seemed to make him the legitimate candidate.

His friends made a formal and organized movement, the Webster delegates being led by Mr. Choate who went to Washington, before the convention assembled, to interview his chief. Choate himself was not very hopeful of the result, but he found Webster so sure of the nomination, and so happy in his approaching success, that he had not the heart to communicate his own fears.

The Whig convention assembled in Baltimore on the 10th of June, 1852, and remained in session six days. The nomination of Webster might have been secured but for the fact, that a large number of delegates had come with the determination of making Fillmore the candidate.

Through fifty-two successive ballots, the great majority continued to divide their votes between Fillmore and Webster, thus making it probable that in the end General Scott would be the successful candidate. And thus it

happened, for on the fifty-third ballot, Scott received more than the necessary number of votes, and poor Webster was again bitterly disappointed.

The most brilliant man by far in his party, and one who had given a long life to the advancing of her interests, was in the end ignored by the very men he had so faithfully served. It was little wonder that the old party as such scarcely survived his death.

General Winfield Scott.
Born 1786. Died 1866.

Mr. Webster's health had not been very good for some time, and he seemed to fail faster after this last great disappointment. In May of 1852 while driving near Marshfield, he had been thrown from his carriage and severely injured, and during the following summer he failed rapidly. At the earnest request of the President however, he retained his position, and continued to transact the business of his department until the 8th of September when he returned to Marshfield, never again to visit the capitol of his country. The distinguished patient seemed to feel that his life work

was done. On Sunday evening of October 10th his friend, and secretary, G. J. Abbott, was with him, and Mr. Webster desired him to read aloud the ninth chapter of St. Mark's Gospel, and afterwards requested him to turn to the tenth chapter of John. He then dictated an inscription which he said was to be placed upon his monument. A few days later (on the 15th) he revised and corrected this document with his own hand, wrote out a fair copy and signed it. It reads as follows:

"Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."

"Philosophical argument, especially that drawn from the vastness of the universe, in comparison with the apparent insignificance of this globe, has sometimes shaken my reason for the faith that is in me; but my heart has assured and reassured me, that the Gospel of Jesus Christ must be a Divine Reality.

"The Sermon on the Mount cannot be a merely human production. This belief enters into the very depth of my conscience. The whole history of man proves it.

(Signed) Dan'l Webster."

When he first dictated this inscription, he said to Mr. Abbott: "If I get well and write the book on Christianity, about which we have talked, we can attend more fully to this matter. But if I should be taken away suddenly, I do not wish to leave any duty of this kind unperformed. I want to leave somewhere, a declaration of my belief in Christianity. I do not wish to go into any doctrinal distinctions in regard to the person of Jesus, but I wish to express my belief in His divine mission."

His patriotism also remained strong and healthful even while the body grew weaker. He had a little boat on the pond back of his house, and during his illness he gave orders to have the flag run up to the mast-head and illu-

mined by a lantern, so that the stars and stripes were there to cheer his sleepless hours at night, as long as he lived. He said it comforted him to see it there, and see the flag too.

It is very strange that a man of Webster's legal ability and sturdy common sense, should have left the making of his last will and testament until these days of physical weakness, but he did.

When he began to dictate his will, he said to the man who wrote it, that he had always liked the old fashion of commencing such instruments with religious expressions and with a recognition of one's dependence upon God. "Follow the old forms," said he, "and do not let me go out of the world without acknowledging my Maker."

When the will was finished, he asked whether Mrs. Webster and his son Fletcher had seen it, and whether they approved it? They both assured him that they fully assented to it. Then said he, "Let me sign it now." And affixing his signature, strongly and clearly written, he said, "Thank God for strength to do a sensible act." Then immediately and with great solemnity, he raised both hands and added, "Oh God! I thank thee for all thy mercies."

After a time, he began to repeat the Lord's Prayer, but after the first sentence he began to feel faint, when he called out: "Hold me up, I do not wish to pray in a fainting voice." Having been elevated on the pillows he reverently repeated the whole prayer, then ended his devotions with words of praise, and expressions of "Peace on earth and good will to men."

Boston, Monday Morng
April 21. 1851

My Dear Sir

I have rec'd your two notes, of Saturday, but the Deed has never come to hand. I suppose it was sent to Marshfield, & was so long in getting there, on account of the interruption of the modes of conveyance. Had I missed it, it had not arrived on Friday night, at 10 o'clock I should have taken advantage of the temporary cessation of the Storm, & came up on Saturday. The moment it arrives, it shall be executed & forwarded. If I can find any body here, whose name is doubtful, I shall take the acknowledgment.

— Probably I may receive it, Today.

Yrs truly
Daniel Webster

A. M. Blatchford Esq
New York.

Reduced Fac-Simile of a Letter Written by Webster to Mr. A. M. Blatchford, April 21, 1851.

On the evening of October 23 he fell asleep, profoundly grateful for the good he had been permitted to do, and with a sublime faith in the future life.

The whole country felt the shock, when it was said that he was dead. People remembered his splendid public service and the majesty of his personal presence, and they felt that one of the pillars of the State had fallen.

In his will he had said, "I wish to be buried without the least show or ostentation, but in a manner respectful to my neighbors, whose kindness has contributed so much to the happiness of me and mine, and for whose prosperity, I offer sincere prayers to God." Therefore the funeral arrangements were simple, although the President of the United States sent an agent of the State Department to propose a public funeral, and to take charge of it in the name, and with the resources of the government. The public feeling throughout the country was in full sympathy with the desire of the Chief Magistrate, but when Mr. Webster's wishes became known, all his friends felt that the most appropriate funeral honors which could be paid him were those which he himself had desired. On Friday, October 29th, 1852, there was a fervent religious service in his own home, and the gates of his spacious lawn were thrown open.

The casket was placed upon a mound of flowers, and the multitude swept through the grounds, passing by the majestic form, and looking reverently upon the familiar features. There were ten thousand people who came to Marshfield on that beautiful autumn day, when the maples were scarlet in the woods, and the Indian summer

had thrown her mantle of golden haze over land and sea.

The wealth and intellect of America were represented there,but there were also the servants and humbler friends of him whom they mourned. One unknown man, in rustic garb bent for a moment over the casket and said pathetically: "The world without you, Daniel Webster will be lonesome."

The fame of an author is comparatively safe because his work is placed in permanent form. But the eloquence of the orator is a thing of the hour. He sways his audience very much as he wills, but the people pass away from his influence and often even forget the mighty impulse which has stirred them.

There are however at least four of the world's orators, whose speeches have attained a place among the great classics.

Demosthenes, Cicero, Burke and Webster will be remembered in the world of letters as long as force, polish, and eloquence are counted as necessary features of literature. When compared with the masterpieces of his predecessors, Webster's speeches stand the test. We need not fear that American oratory will fall below the earlier standards.

The temporary excitement of the times had passed, and his work receives its full quota of appreciation at the hands of the generations of critics who come after him.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

(1782-1852)

By G. Mercer Adam*

OF great American statesmen, diplomats, and jurists who have not filled the Presidential chair (how many and distinguished is the number!)—men of the high stamp of Franklin, Patrick Henry, Jay, Hamilton, Clay, Calhoun, Marshall, Everett, Choate, Seward, and Sumner—not the least eminent among them must be named Daniel Webster, long the idol of his country and the most eloquent and renowned representative of the Massachusetts bar. His public career dates from the era of the War of 1812 to within ten years of the outbreak of the War of the Rebellion—a period of marvellous material development, as well as thronged with incident, political and social, in every feature of the national life. In the Senate, as well as in political assemblies, few men of the time had greater influence than he, or more powerfully thrilled a popular audience by his magnificent presence and persuasive, convincing speech. In spite of a towering though vain ambition, and marked moral failings, well-nigh irreconcilable in one who had such clearness of mental vision, and so wonderful a power of impressing his hearers with the justice and soundness of his utterances on almost all moral, legal, and con-

*Historian, Biographer, and Essayist, Author of a "Précis of English History," a 'Continuation of Grecian History," etc., and for many years Editor of *Self-Culture Magazine*.—The Publishers.

stitutional questions, Webster enjoyed, in a phenomenal degree, the high regard and veneration, particularly of the New England people, and the adulation of those who were charmed by his eloquence and won to the man by his ardent, if somewhat sectional, patriotism, and his fiery and animating national spirit. His sympathy with the masses, it is true, was never real or intimate; on the contrary, he stood, professionally at least, by the classes; and in the courts, if not also in the Senate, was the advocate of property and the great corporations, who paid him enormous fees, that unfortunately led to extravagant living and to a looseness in money matters which sadly mars, as it properly detracts from, his widespread fame. Nor was his attitude on the slavery question, in approving compromise and concession, while righteously holding it to be a great evil, either consistent or commendable. Still less so was his tergiversation on economic issues, and his change of position from that early taken by him in favor of Free Trade to that of Protection and a high tariff—a change of view not one of principle, but a concession to the interests of his business friends and manufacturing supporters in New England. Despite these and other inconsistencies and fluctuations of opinion and utterance on public questions of great moment, Webster, alike by his eloquence and the power of his personality, was a real force in his time; and as an orator and declaimer of entrancing gifts he was naturally much sought after on high festivals and commemorative and dedicatory occasions.

In viewing the life and career of such a man, it is at times hard to do him full justice when we consider how

almost transcendent were his gifts, and how picturesquely he looms up on the canvas of the historic past, on occasions such as those when he delivered his famous address, early in his career, at Plymouth, in commemorating the Landing of the Pilgrims, and at Charlestown, Mass., at the laying of the corner stone of Bunker Hill monument. Grand also was the effect he produced at Faneuil Hall, Boston, when delivering his oration, in 1826, on the just deceased patriots John Adams and Thomas Jefferson. On these memorable occasions, as well as on those on which he delivered his masterpieces of powerful and theoretical argument, in the celebrated Dartmouth College case, and in that ablest of all American debates—his magnificent reply in the Senate to Colonel R. Y. Hayne, of South Carolina, opposing the right of Nullification—we see to what heights Webster could soar, and how marvellous were the powers of the man when great occasion called them into influential and patriotic exercise. At such times one forgets the weaknesses of the great lawyer and the flaws in his character, and remembers only his brilliant successes and noble achievements.

The chief events in the life-history of Daniel Webster are, for the most part, familiar to all; but as we purpose afresh to follow them, that we may see them as a connected whole, we begin to trace them succinctly from his birth and early youth up, and throughout his career, until the end came, in his seventy-first year, at his historic New England home, in Marshfield, in the autumn of 1852. The future statesman and orator of more than national repute was born at Salisbury (Franklin), N. H., January 18, 1782. His father, Ebenezer Webster, was a worthy man of Scotch extraction,

who had seen service as a captain in the French and Indian War, and now lived with his family, to whom he was devoted, on a New Hampshire farm. Living on the frontier, young Daniel, then a somewhat delicate youth, was dependent for his early training on a good and affectionate mother, and for the rather scanty schooling to be had in the neighborhood, and that only in the winter. When he was fifteen, his parents determined, however, to send the lad to college, a step which necessarily involved more or less rigid economy and an extra but ere long well-requited struggle at home. His systematic, though still slender, education began at Philips Academy, in Exeter, whence, after being coached by a tutor, he passed to Dartmouth College, where he graduated in 1801. While at the latter, he had to meet his college expenses by teaching school in vacation time; and he afterwards taught in an academy in Maine, receiving there the pittance of $350 a year, the bulk of which sum he saved to help a younger brother through college, earning the money to pay his own board, it is said, by copying deeds through the long winter evenings.

At this period in his young and promising life, the New Hampshire lad cast about for a profession, and presently we find him reading and studying assiduously in a lawyer's office, first at Salisbury, and later on at Boston, in the law office of Governor Gore. In 1805, he was admitted to the bar, and began to practice at Boscawen, near his early home; and after his father's death he opened an office in Portsmouth, then the largest town in his native State, where he began to take a leading place in his profession. In May, 1813, he was elected to Congress, where he was

placed on the Committee of Foreign Affairs, and espousing the cause of the Federalist party made two notable speeches in the House, one in opposition to the war policy of the government, then engrossed in the War of 1812 with Britain and the invasion of Canada, and the other on the Berlin and Milan decrees, which injuriously affected the maritime commerce of the young nation in the complications then existing between Britain and France under Bonaparte. In these speeches, though the influence of a Federalist in Congress would not then be great, Webster at least showed the House that a new power had arisen in oratory.

In 1816, the young orator-congressman withdrew for a time from political life and devoted himself to his profession. In that year he removed to Boston, where he soon won for himself a place as prominent as he had held in New Hampshire, and within a few years his reputation as a lawyer became national. This he earned, in part, by his legal attainments and by the force and vigor of his appearances in both the State and Federal Courts, and, in part also, by his speeches in the House of Representatives, and his addresses before political assemblages here and there in the country on topics of moment at the period—political, financial, and industrial. In 1818, he further greatly enhanced his reputation as a lawyer by a speech before the Supreme Court, in the celebrated Dartmouth College case, the important result of which was to restrain an individual State from impairing, or otherwise modifying, a charter once issued, and thus correspondingly enhancing the Federal power. This achievement of Mr. Webster not only brought him fame as a constitutional lawyer, but earned him the grati-

tude of all institutions, whether academic or benevolent, whose charters or other interests were in jeopardy from unscrupulous politicians or intermeddling enemies, since he guarded them forever after from attack, and secured them in their inviolable rights and privileges in the eye of the law. Similarly, in other cases, the great jurist rendered high service to his country, by settling many difficult and important questions, involving sacred legal rights, by the force as well as the justness of his arguments, by his wide knowledge of the principles of equity, and by his intimate acquaintance with the nice points and the technicalities of his profession. Among these notable cases is that of Stephen Girard's will, the purpose and spirit of which Mr. Webster ably sustained, "while demonstrating the vital importance of Christianity to the success of free institutions." Other instances embrace the Ogden and Saunders case, where, as it has been said, Mr. Webster "settled the constitutionality of State bankrupt laws; the United States Bank case, in which he maintained the right of a citizen of one State to perform any legal act in another State; and the Rhode Island case, in which he proved the right of a State to modify its own institutions of government. In the Knapp murder case, he brought out the power of conscience —the voice of God to the soul—with such terrible forensic eloquence that he (Webster) won the admiration of all Christian people."

We now approach the era of Webster's most useful career in politics, for in 1823 he was returned a member of the House of Representatives from his own Boston district. In some degree his utterances in Congress and his

attitude in regard to the political questions of the time curiously conflict with views held by him later in life and perplex one in seeking to do justice to his character as a statesman. This is explained, in part, by the contemporary exigencies of party, and in part also by the growth of conviction in his mind, influenced more or less by current opinion and the behests of influential constituents. In spite of these changes of front and oscillations of mind upon not a few public questions of vital character, Mr. Webster, nevertheless, proved himself ever loyal to his country, and powerfully as well as consistently strove to consolidate the Union and preserve the Nation, so far as patriotism and public opinion could influence that end, "one and inseparable." This, at the period, was no easy thing to do, considering the discordant issues then before the country, and the experimental stage of the national Constitution, with some States and sections of the Nation strongly opposed to a centralized and dominating Federal power, and bitterly resenting imposed restrictions by it on local freedom and the principle involved in State-Rights. Just here, in meeting and defying this anti-national clamor, particularly at this era in South Carolina, where the Nullification movement was then rife, did Daniel Webster rise to a height of patriotic grandeur and loyalty to the Union, of incalculable service to the nation; and especially in the magnificent argument he set before the people for the maintainance of the Constitution in its integrity, and his forceful and lucid presentation of the theory upon which it was originally founded —not as a partnership to be dissolved at will, but as an in-

violable compact, at all hazards to be permanently maintained and cherished, even with the shedding of blood.

In this splendid defense of the supremacy of the Federal authority, and the trenchant arraignment of threatened State resistance to it, which marks Webster's memorable speech in "Reply to Hayne" and that answer to Calhoun on "The Constitution not a Compact," we have constitutional addresses of the highest and most impressive character, which well earned for the great orator the plaudits of the people of his day, as they have since won for him the honor and gratitude of all who have come after them. Alas! that the memory of this glorious service should be afterwards clouded by his maladroit, ill-considered "Seventh of March speech," in 1850, in support of Clay's compromise measures, by which Webster hoped, through Southern favor, to obtain the coveted prize of the Presidency—a speech, which if we do not wrong the man, shows him in rather an unenviable and far less commendable light, as a palterer with his conscience, and a truckler to Compromise and the exactions of Sectionalism, with its evil taint of slavery, which ere long was to be fought out and scorched to the bone in the fires of Civil War.

But we turn to other and less infelicitous subjects. In 1824, Mr. Webster took part in Congress in the debate on the desired appointment of a Commissioner to Greece, then in the thick of her six-years' struggle (1821-27) with the Ottoman Porte. Though not arguing for active intervention in the cause of Greece, he desired to show American sympathy for a brave people engaged in a life and death conflict for independence against the cruel and despotic

Mussulman Power. In the debate, he eulogized the Greek patriots, and, like George Canning, the English statesman, desired to show the world his classic sympathies with the cause of Freedom. Nothing, however, came of the motion; though Mr. Webster's speech was one that did great credit alike to the orator's head and heart. The Greeks, as we know, were fortunately able, with the aid in the long run of England, France, and Russia, to free themselves from Turkish dominion, and the resurrection of their historic country and its admission into the family of European kingdoms at length came about. Just four years before this, Mr. Webster delivered at Plymouth, Mass., that thoughtful and felicitous discourse in commemoration of the Landing of the Pilgrims in New England, two hundred years earlier, and delighted the ear of the young nation with his touching and eloquent reminiscence of the era and the sacred spot "where the first scene of our history was laid; where the hearths and altars of New England were first placed; where Christianity, and civilization, and letters, made their first lodgment,—in a vast extent of country, covered with a wilderness and peopled by roving barbarians." Profiting by the occasion and its memories, and seeking wisely to impress upon his hearers a sense of the debt due the early fathers of the country and that gratitude to them, called for in those who stood around him, the orator, as he concluded his magnificent address, summons them patriotically to manifest both "some proof that we hold the blessings transmitted from our fathers in just estimation; some proof of our attachment to the cause of good government, and of civil and religious liberty; some

proof of a sincere and ardent desire to promote everything which may enlarge the understandings and improve the hearts of men." "The oration," writes Mr. Carl Schurz, in commenting on it, "with its historical picturesqueness, its richness of thought and reasoning, its broad sweep of contemplation, and the noble and magnificent simplicity of its eloquence, was in itself an event. No literary production of the period in America achieved greater renown. From that time on, Massachusetts loved to exhibit herself in his person on occasions of State; and, in preference to all others, Webster was her spokesman when she commemorated the great events of her history. As such he produced a series of addresses—at the laying of the cornerstone, and later at the completion, of the Bunker Hill monument, on the death of John Adams and of Thomas Jefferson, and on other occasions—which his contemporaries acclaimed as ranking with the great oratorical achievements of antiquity."

In the years 1828 and 1829, Mr. Webster was in his family relations doubly bereaved, first in the loss of a loved wife, and then in the loss of his brother, Ezekiel, to whom he was much attached. The loss he suffered in the death of Mrs. Webster, though greatly lamented, he sought in some measure to make good, by taking to himself, a year later, a second wife, who, we believe, survived her distinguished husband by some years. In 1828, Mr. Webster became a member of the United States Senate, and sat in the Upper House until 1841, when he was appointed Secretary of State under President Harrison and under his successor, Mr. Tyler; after which he resumed his seat in the

Chamber until 1850, when he accepted his former post of Secretary of State in President Fillmore's Cabinet. While a member of the Senate, from 1828 to 1841, he delivered those great constitutional speeches that raised him to the pinnacle of fame and gave him his commanding position as a leader of the Northern Whigs. It was at this period that we have from him his masterly address in "Reply to Hayne," and the hardly less celebrated one on that organic and fundamental theory, which he so ably propounded and elaborated in reply to Calhoun, entitled "The Constitution not a Compact." Besides these and other notable addresses in the Senate, Mr. Webster, in this active and most useful period of his career as a publicist and statesman, delivered numberless addresses on financial, and such like vital, topics that agitated the country at the time, including the discussion of the important tariff question, on which the member for Massachusetts, as we have previously said, made a *volte face*. In explanation of the latter, there seems little reason to doubt that Mr. Webster was moved by consideration for those who had been his manufacturing constituents, while in the House of Representatives, when he turned his back on Free Trade and accepted Protection and a high tariff as the policy to be adopted at this time by the nation. We are not saying that he did wrong in this; but it is worth while for those interested in economic questions to see what were Mr. Webster's early views on the vexed problem, and how ably and attractively he presented the argument for Free Trade, when he opposed Clay's Protectionist tariff, and then afterwards abandoned the broad truths of economic science and the Free Trade principles for which

he had at one time contended. More staunch, as well as of incalculable benefit just then to the country, was his course on financial matters, when the question arose as to the founding of a National Bank. On the theme he took a thoroughly sane and sound position, pointing out the evils of an inflated currency, and the essential requirements, in all legitimate banking operations, that they should inspire public confidence, while doing justice to the credit and honorable reputation of the Nation.

We wish we could speak as warmly of his attitude in regard to slavery, which, unhappily, like that on the tariff, radically changed, in his desire to stand well with the South and capture its vote on the Presidency, to which he had set vain though longing eyes. This change of front is all the more remarkable since before the period came when he wrought dismay in the North by seeking to conciliate the South on the slaveholding question, he had denounced the giant evil, alike as a political and moral sin; while he well knew what the sentiment of his own New England, and indeed of the whole North, was in regard to it—a sentiment that would make no concession to it or tolerate its extension in any new State or annexed territory. To turn now, as he did, and asperse antislavery principles and traduce as "mischievous marplots" those who were loud in their denunciation of the evil, was a shock to the intellect and conscience of the Northern people; though, with old-time vigor and eloquence, he patriotically denounced disunion, and continued to the last to insist upon the integrity of the nation and uncompromising loyalty to the Constitution. On this strong ground Mr. Webster was immovable as a rock,

for he saw that secession was incompatable with national existence, and if the nation must suffer its integrity to be shaken and disunion played with, the whole had better go and disruption and dismemberment be accepted as the death of the Republic. Only on this view can we understand the great statesman's attitude in making the "Seventh of March speech;" since to him conciliation and the Clay Compromise were the only acceptable overtures to silence Abolitionism, and sectional animosities, obviate war, and thus save and perpetuate the Nation.

But it is time to return to the chief incidents in Mr. Webster's career, and to note, after some months' sojourn in England in 1838, his appointment, in 1841, as Secretary of State in President Harrison's Cabinet. Mr. Webster's management of the affairs of this important office was characterized by ability and good sense. The chief feature of his administration of the post was the adjustment with England, by the Ashburton Treaty, of boundary matters on the line dividing the United States from the British American provinces, or, more specifically, between Canada and Maine. (The more complicated Oregon boundary question, it may here be said, was for the time settled four years later, viz., in 1846). Arbitration as a mode of settlement in the matter of the Maine boundary had previously been tried and had failed, until the appearance at Washington of the English plenipotentiary, Lord Ashburton, who jointly with Mr. Webster brought the question happily to a settlement. Other provisions of this treaty included an agreement for the suppression of the slave trade on the coast of Africa, and also for the mutual extradition of fugitives

from justice. Meanwhile, Mr. Harrison, who held the Presidency for one month only, died in April, 1841, and was succeeded in the office by Vice-President Tyler, who induced Mr. Webster to continue, in his administration, his duties as State-Secretary. This he did; but party cabals and other political dissensions led Mr. Webster, in the Spring of 1843, to resign his post and retire for a time to his attractive home at Marshfield, Mass.

Here he was glad to rest for a time, for his life had been a busy and wearying one; moreover, he was a sufferer from hay fever, and had many personal disappointments to vex and embitter him, as well as considerable domestic affliction, to wean him from the world, its sorrows and its strifes. To add further to his personal bereavements, death in 1847 took from him a favorite daughter, and also a son, who was killed in the Mexican war. The Fates also were unkind to him and his ambitions in the matter of the Presidency, a prize upon which he had long set his heart, only to be mocked by repeated and cruel disappointments. Even the appointment on an embassy to England, which he desired to have, was denied him; while the many who had once acclaimed him, and not a few of the friends who had long stood by him, had become alienated and forgetful of his great and manifold public services. To many less spoiled by success than was Daniel Webster, these disappoints after a great career and a long, lauded life, now bordering on the grave, would have come as bitter and depressing assaults on one's magnanimity and *amour propre.* It would be untrue to say that he did not feel these mischances of fortune, or that his great soul was untouched

by their ungracious and unkindly stings; he did not, however, publicly resent them, still less whine at the disaffection and the injury done him. It saddened him, no doubt, to see little men put in high places who were comparatively unknown, who had done little for their kind, had not a tithe of his gifts, and were far his inferiors in those resplendent virtues which he ever manifested and which shed a lustre on his time—of disinterested patriotism and abounding love of country. Turning from this neglect and disappointment, he could hardly fail, however, to be inwardly consoled by the consciousness of having nobly and faithfully served the nation he loved, and done much to commend his memory to those who can and do appreciate his work, revere him for his services, and extol and admire his genius.

The nomination for the Presidency in 1844 brought Mr. Webster once more into public view, in taking part in the fray. At that time the expectant candidate was Tyler, who sought re-election but failed to secure it; the others were Henry Clay, of Kentucky, who represented the Whig interest, and James K. Polk, of Tennessee, who was the standard-bearer of the Democrats. Though he did not like the man, Mr. Webster favored Clay and gave him his support, on account of the principles he represented; but Polk, who had been Speaker in the House of Representatives, and was a slave-owner, won the election and was installed in office. Meanwhile, Mr. Webster, who had regained his relish for the political strife and turmoil of the time, accepted once more a seat in the Senate and took his place there in 1845. In the following year, trouble broke out

with Mexico, over the question of the proper limit of that Republic and that of Texas, and through its own heedlessness and bravado it provoked war with the United States. The war was one really of conquest and for the acquisition of territory, and as such it was opposed by Mr. Webster, in his loyal contention that it was a wrong done to the Constitution. It however brought about the cession to the United States of all the territory north of the Rio Grande, and added to the Union a wide area of country, including New Mexico and California. At the same time, by its victories to our arms, it brought prominently into public notice the achievements of General Zachary Taylor and Winfield Scott, the former of whom was by the election of 1848 made President, while the latter had the honor of nomination, though unsuccessful in his candidature, to the chief magistracy four years later.

At both of these periods of election, Mr. Webster's name was brought forward, in 1848 as the nominee with Taylor, though he refused to allow his name to appear for the subordinate place in the race; and in 1852, when he was beaten by General Scott for the Whig nomination as President, after fifty-two successive ballots had been cast. As it happened, neither of the men won, victory being snatched by the Democrats, who carried into the high office the then little known Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire, who had been a general in the Mexican war. These repeated slights cast upon Mr. Webster, as we have already stated, were keenly felt by him, and especially this last one, since he had allowed himself to feel certain at length of grasping the prize. Just then, however, in the midst of the anti-

slavery outburst of the time and the recent passing of the hateful Fugitive Slave law, which permitted slave-owners to recover runaway slaves, Mr. Webster's hope of winning the Presidency must have been extremely slight, particularly in view of his own conciliatory attitude towards slavery and the South.

Meanwhile, the Presidential chair was filled by Millard Fillmore, who as Vice-President under Zachary Taylor had succeeded the latter on that President's death, in July, 1850. By Mr. Fillmore, Webster had been offered and had accepted the Secretaryship of State in his administration, and in doing so had retired from his seat in the Senate. Just previous to this, he had delivered in the Senate his much misinterpreted "Seventh-of-March speech," which though spoken in behalf of Conciliation and to prevent further irritation of the South and the precipitation of Secession, was of course taken as a compromise with slavery, in spite of the fact that the existence of the institution was recognized and tolerated by the Constitution. It is true, the Abolitionists, though laudably in earnest, were then most insistent, and even violent, in their denunciations; and public feeling against the evil of slavery was at a high pitch of excitement, contributed in no little degree, moreover, by Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," published at that era. The Southerners, therefore, were in no humor to treat with any degree of reason attacks upon their cherished institution; but, on the contrary, were ugly in their mood, going so far as to threaten Secession. Hence, in the crisis, Mr. Webster sought by his speech to throw oil on the troubled waters and calm the irritation and resent-

ment of the South. Dismemberment of the nation he could not abide, nor, as the patriot he was, even reasonably think of, knowing to what it must ultimately lead; and so, in spite of Abolitionist outcries and the tarnishing by them of his fair name, he took the ground he did and went on his way, disregarding slander and contumely, until the end came, which occurred at Marshfield, October 24, 1852.

Just before this, Mr. Webster had failed in health visibly, worn out by labor and by personal ailment, and, perhaps saddest of all, depressed by the great disappointment he had met with in his honorable ambition to become President, which, as all know, was not to be. A little while before, he had met with a carriage accident, which painfully injured and weakened him; and so we find him at his loved home making his will and reverently writing out some record of his religious belief, which he desired to be affixed to a tablet over his grave. He died in the faith of a Christian, and his mortal remains, as they were borne to the tomb, received the tributes of a lamenting but greatly admiring people. Thus placidly passed this eminent statesman and eloquent orator from the scenes of earth, owning his faith in a loving Redeemer, and confidingly trusting that in the Great Assize every act of his will be justly understood, and every motive considerately weighed and appraised.

ANECDOTES AND CHARACTERISTICS OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

TRIBUTE TO HIS FATHER.

It will be remembered that during the Harrison campaign, as during that of Lincoln, much prominence was given to the humble birth of the candidate. In Webster's address at Saratoga in behalf of the Whigs, he said:

"It did not happen to me gentlemen to be born in a log cabin, but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin, raised among the snow drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early, that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada.

"Its remains still exist. I make to it an annual visit, I carry my children there, to tell them of the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. I love to dwell upon the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the touching narratives and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode.

"And if ever I am ashamed of it,or if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for him who reared it, defended it against savage violence, and destruction,—who cherished all domestic virtues beneath its roof, if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for him, who through the fire and blood of a seven years Revolutionary war, shrunk from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country and to raise his children to a condition better than his own—may my name be blotted forever from the memory of mankind."

METHODS OF EBENEZER WEBSTER.

During the war of the Revolution, Captain Webster was appointed one of the committee to ascertain how much each townsman of Salisbury ought to contribute toward the expenses of the war, and to levy a proportionate tax.

The richest man in town, had done no military duty, but nevertheless he declared that his assessment was too high, and he refused to pay it. The committee waited upon him in vain, but at last Webster as their spokesman drew his six feet of stature up to its full height, while his wonderful black eyes seemed to fairly look through the man, and with a strong emphasis in his sonorous voice, he said:

"Sir, our authorties require us to pay, *and* fight. Now you must pay *or* fight."

The man looked at the powerful figure before him, and gave a single glance into the flashing eyes, and this was sufficient, he very promptly decided to pay.

WEBSTER'S MOTHER.

The mother of Daniel Webster was another instance in illustration of the theory that "the more mother a man has in him, the better he is."

She was of sturdy New England stock, rich in affection, Christian faith and sterling common sense. Always believing in her boy she tenderly cherished him during a feeble childhood in the firm faith that a long and useful life lay before him.

It was thought at one time that the ocean air might do him good and although the nearest coast was a long

way off, the undaunted mother took her puny babe in her arms and made the journey on horseback even though it took several days to accomplish it.

Webster used often to repeat this story and sometimes he would exclaim, "There was a mother for you!"

HOW THE STUDENTS HOOTED WEBSTER.

James Russell Lowell.

James Russell Lowell and some other young students of American politics did not approve of Webster's course in remaining in the cabinet of President Tyler. William Wetmore Story tells of their indignation and resolutions concerning the matter in the following words:

"James Lowell and I were very angry with Webster, and as he was to speak in Faneuil Hall the evening of the 30th of September, 1842, some of us determined to go in from the Harvard law school, and hoot at him, to show him that he had incurred our displeasure.

"There were about three thousand people present, and we felt sure that they would hoot with us, young as we

were. But we reckoned without our host. Mr. Webster stepped forward. His great eyes looked, as I shall always think, straight at me. I pulled off my hat. James pulled off his. We both became as cold as ice, and as respectful as Indian coolies. I saw James turn pale. He said I was livid. And when that great creature began that most beautiful exordium, our scorn turned to deepest admiration—from abject contempt, to belief and approbation."

ROMAN MATRONS.

Speaking one day, of the early Romans, Mr. Webster said that he could almost believe everything related by historians of their extraordinary virtues, public and domestic, when he dwelt upon the fact that though their laws authorized divorce, yet for the first five hundred years, no individual ever availed himself of such a license.

"It was the domestic training" he said; "It was the *mothers* who made a Publicola, a Camillus, and Coriolanus. Women protected by the inviolability of the nuptial bond, were invested with a dignity that gave authority to instruction, and made the domestic hearth the nursery of heroes.

"Public virtue," he said, "fell with private morality. Under imperial Rome, divorces were sought for, and obtained under the most frivolous pretexts, and all domestic confidence was destroyed. The inevitable consequence was the loss of all public morality. Men who had been false to their private obligations, would not be true to their public duties; Cæsar divorced his wife, and betrayed

his country. The sanctity of the nuptial bond, is, in my opinion, one of the principal, if not the chief cause of the superior refinement, freedom, and prosperity enjoyed at the present time by Christian nations."

LITERARY STYLE.

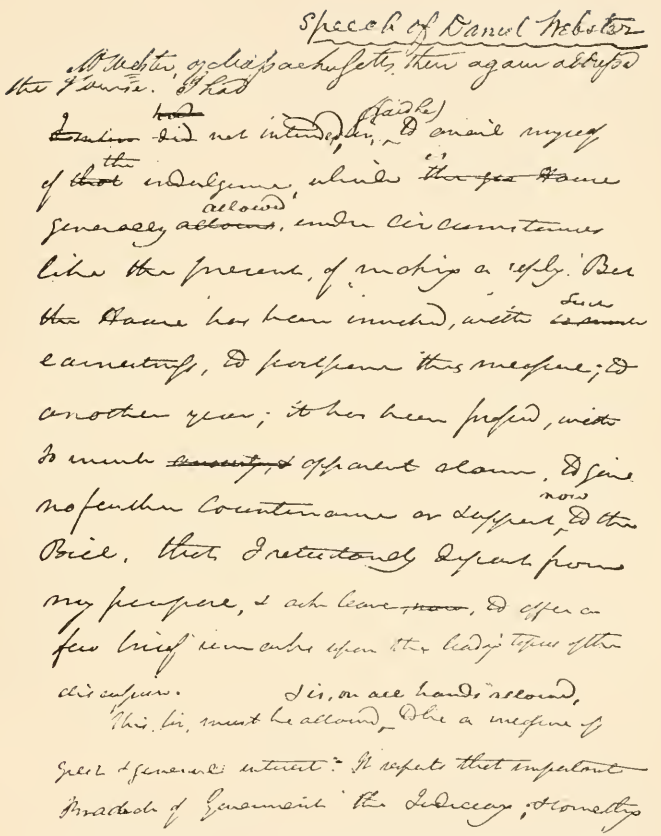
In reply to the question concerning the formation of his literary style, Daniel Webster answered: "When I was a young man, a student in college, I delivered a Fourth of July oration. My friends thought so well of it that they requested a copy of it for the press.

"It was printed, and Joseph Dennie, a writer of great reputation at that time, wrote a review of it. He praised parts of the oration as vigorous and eloquent; but other parts, he criticised severely and said that they were mere emptiness.

"I thought his criticism was just, and I resolved that whatever else should be said of my style, from that time forth, there would be no emptiness in it.

"I read such English authors as fell in my way—particularly Addison, with great care. Besides I remembered that I had to earn my bread by addressing the understanding of common men—by convincing juries, and that I must use language perfectly intelligible to them. You will find therefore, in my speeches to juries, no hard words, no Latin phrase.

"I early felt the importance of thought. I have rewritten sentence after sentence and pondered long upon each alteration. For depend upon it, it is with our thoughts as with our persons—their intrinsic value is mostly undervalued unless expressed in attractive garb.



Reduced Fac-Simile of the Original Manuscript of Webster's Speech in the Senate Regarding the Reduction of the Supreme and Circuit Judges of the U. S. Courts.

"Longinus tells us that the most sublime passage to be found in any language is this: 'And God said, Let there be light and there was light'—the greatest effort of power in the tersest and fewest words—the command and the record, one exertion of thought. So should we all aim to express things in words."

Again he says: "From the time that at my mother's feet, or on my father's knees I first learned to lisp verses from the Sacred Writings, they have been my daily study and vigilant contemplation.

"If there be anything in my style or thoughts worthy to be commended, the credit is due to my parents, for instilling into my mind an early love for the scriptures."

FAVORITE STUDIES.

Mr. Webster was fond of some of the Latin authors, and one day he read to his friend Professor Felton several pages from Cicero's *De Natura Deorum.* He chose that portion of the dialogue in which one of the speakers discourses most eloquently on the Divine Being, and in refutation of the Epicurean philosophy.

"The deep feeling, and the earnest tone," writes Felton, "with which he read the harmonious Latin sentences of the great Roman gave the fullest meaning to these immortal speculations; and recommending the passage to the careful study of his guest, he closed the volume and retired."

In subsequent conversation, Mr. Webster spoke of his love of science, and the attention he had bestowed upon it, in the fragments of time snatched from other and more absorbing pursuits.

His knowledge of geology was quite extensive, and he had studied the principal works on this subject in connection with trips which were made through interesting geological regions. He had also employed a competent scholar to make a collection of specimens for him, arranging them on the shelves in the order of the successive layers of the crust of the earth, in order that while studying in his library, he might see before him the arrangement of Nature.

Among the books which occupied his thoughts largely during the last year of his life, Humboldt's "Cosmos" held a prominent place. He had read it through, carefully noting its contents. He quoted passages from it, with expressions of admiration for their scientific precision and poetic beauty. His general remarks upon the plan and details of the work, showed that he fully appreciated it.

He spoke with regret of the fact that he had so seldom enjoyed for any length of time, the society of scientific and literary men. "I have kept very bad company," he laughingly said, "I have lived among lawyers, and judges, jurymen and politicians, when I should have lived with Nature and in company with students of Nature."

FORGIVENESS.

Mr. Webster's secretary, G. J. Abbott, while with him at Marshfield during his last illness, writes to a friend under date of September 12, of a stormy Sunday in the great house.

"This day has been stormy, and we did not go to church. This morning, when Mr. and Mrs. Webster,

with their guests and servants, had assembled in the library for family prayers, Mr. Webster looked so weak and feeble that, Mrs. Webster asked if I should not read the chapter.

"He preferred reading himself,and selected that beautiful chapter of St. Luke, the sixth,which contains a part of the Sermon on the Mount. His reading of the Scriptures is grand, slow, distinct, impressive, giving new force to every sentence.

"When he came to those verses which follow the twenty-sixth, it seemed as if they were the expression of his own inmost feelings.

"After each clause of these verses which he read—"But I say unto you which hear, Love your enemies, do good to them which hate you, bless them that curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you"—he paused, as if he were asking himself the question, whether he read these words, in the spirit of Him who first uttered them, and exhibited in his own life and example, their practical application.

"There was a triumphant tone, as he finished the verses, as though he had heartily forgiven those who had spoken ill of him, and who had despitefully used him. I was particularly struck by it as several of the Whig papers have been abusing him in very coarse terms, and he had doubtless seen them.

"You have often heard me speak of his courtesy both in the Senate, and the Department, to those who were politically opposed to him, and of the directions which he so frequently gave to those who were intrusted with

the preparation of his works for the press to omit or modify, where it could be done with propriety, all those passages in which he had spoken of others with undue severity—giving as a reason that he did not wish to perpetuate the remembrance of unpleasant personal, or party contests.

"Even after the disappointment of his hopes at Baltimore, he has never permitted himself to speak harshly or unkindly of those from whom he had a right to expect support. He has rarely alluded to the doings of the convention, or of those who took part in them. The severest expression which I ever heard him use in regard to them was, 'I shall be in—soon, and shall see these gentlemen, and think it is about time to shake hands with some of them and part; with others, I can part without shaking hands.'

"But of one for whom he had always manifested a paternal regard, whose course had bitterly disappointed him, he remarked with deepest emotion, 'That cut me to the heart.' "

WEBSTER AND PINKNEY.

William Pinkney was the acknowledged head, and leader of the American bar, when Webster was admitted to practice before the Supreme Court at Washington. Like many another great man he had been largely spoiled by praise, and by the fact that when the lesser lights had very important cases before the Supreme Court, they would employ him to take their briefs, and argue their cases—they doing the work, and he getting the greater portion of the reward.

He probably expected Webster to pursue the same course, but he went along the even tenor of his way, pleading his own cases, until Pinkney began to treat him with contempt, which was scarcely veiled even in the presence of the judges of that august tribunal.

In one case where Pinkney was against him, this insolence of manner and speech became more pronounced, so much so, that Webster had hard work to control his temper even in court. He did so however, the incident was passed, but the case was not finished, when the court was adjourned until the next morning.

Mr. Pinkney who was somewhat dudish in his dress, took his whip and gloves, threw his handsome cloak over his arm and began to saunter away, when Webster went up to him, and said very calmly, "Can I see you alone in one of the lobbies?"

He replied, "Certainly," probably thinking that the time had come when he was to be sought for help, as his great position demanded.

They passed to one of the grand jury rooms, which was remote from the main court room, and finding it empty, went in. Unobserved by Pinkney, Webster turned the key and taking it out of the lock, placed it in his pocket. Then advancing toward him, he said:

"Mr. Pinkney, you grossly insulted me this morning in the court room, and not for the first time, either. In deference to your position, and to the respect which I have for the court, I did not answer you on the spot, as I was tempted to do."

He began to deny it, but Webster continued; "You

know you did—dont add another sin to that. Don't deny it; you know you did it, and you know it was premeditated. It was deliberate, it was purposely done, and if you deny it, you tell an untruth."

"Now," he continued, "I am here to say to you once for all, that you must ask my pardon, and go into court tomorrow, and repeat the apology, or else, either you or I, will go out of this room in a different condition from that in which we entered it."

Pinkney looked up into the blazing eyes, he quickly took in the magnificent physical proportions of the man before him, and trembling, attempted again to explain.

"There is no other course," said Webster, "I have the key of this room in my pocket, and you must apologize or take what I give you."

The apology now was promptly made, and the promise was reluctantly given that it would be repeated in court the next morning, then Webster unlocked the door and they passed out.

He did make the promised apology in public and before the Judges of the Supreme Court, after which he treated Daniel Webster with the greatest respect and consideration.

WEBSTER AND VAN BUREN.

Mr. Webster always treated the bench with that studied deference which judges, by virtue of their position have a right to expect from attorneys. On one occasion, when he was engaged in a case in a New York court he was preceded by John Van Buren.

In the course of his speech Van Buren, rather flippant-

ly congratulated the court on "yielding to the popular impulses of the day."

Webster began his address by complimenting his opponent on "the talent and legal knowledge of his address," but went on to speak with strong disapprobation of Mr. Van Buren's remark about "yielding to popular impulses." "This," said he, "may be a compliment; but it is a compliment, which I would not address to this court, nor to any other, for which I entertained feelings of respect."

JUSTICE.

Webster was fair with his opponents, and accorded them their dues in private as well as upon the rostrum.

"Rusk of Texas," he said "I consider the strongest man in the United States on the Democratic side. He is no spouter, but he acts, and you can rely on what he says.

"He will stand without being tied, and you will find him where you left him. He has all of Achilles' hatred of double dealing.

> "He who can think one thing, and another tell,
> My soul detests him as the gates of hell."

"It is impossible continued Webster for me to feel the least acerbity toward such men as Rusk, Cass, Foote and Dickenson.

We have stood by each other in a time of greatest moment to myself, as well as of danger to the Union of these States, shoulder to shoulder, I can never forget or refuse to acknowledge their important and vital aid."

WEBSTER INTRODUCED TO THE CONSTITUTION.

Fortunately the Great Expounder has left an authentic record of the earlier years and beginnings of his life. How, then, did he first hear of that constitution which he so eloquently expounded and defended! In the young boyhood days of Daniel Webster, cotton cloth was cheaper than paper and the manufacturers of that time, who were patriots as well as business men, were in the habit of printing upon handkerchiefs such documents as the Declaration of Independence, Washington's Farewell Address and the Constitution of the United States. All country storekeepers carried quite a line of these printed cotton handkerchiefs, and Daniel's father, good sturdy legislator, judge and citizen that he was, heartily approved of such business methods. Now, when pale, studious little Daniel, with the large head and the wonderful eyes, was about eight years old, he had collected twenty-five cents by helping his father at the old sawmill, or by choring around the house. Chancing one day to wander into the little shop kept by the schoolmaster of Salisbury, William Hoyt, he saw among a varied assortment of articles, a small cotton pocket handkerchief with printing on its two sides. Liking its general appearance he bought it. "From this," he says, "I learned either that there was a constitution, or that there were thirteen states. I remember to have read it, and have known more or less of it ever since." Speaking of the man who thus first threw the constitution in his way, Mr. Webster adds that "he was an austere man, but a good teacher of children. He had been a printer in Newburyport, wrote a very fair hand, was a good reader and did teach boys that which so few masters

can or will do, to read well themselves. Beyond this, and perhaps a very slight knowledge of grammar, his attainments did not extend. He rather loved money, of all the cases of nouns preferring the possessive."

PREFERS WHORTLEBERRYING TO HAYING.

Now, although Daniel was a whole-souled boy and afterward proved to be upon several occasions the mainstay of his father's finances, he did not like the grind of farm-work. This dislike grew upon him as he entered the heroics of the Greek and Latin classics, in preparation for college. When he was fifteen and attending Dr. Wood's academy, at Boscawen, six miles from home, his father sent for him in haying time. Like a good son he came, his father putting him into a field to turn hay and leaving him there. After working some time, Daniel found it pretty lonesome and very dull. So he walked home and asked his sister Sally if she did not want to go whortleberrying. She did, of course. So her big brother got some horses, saddled them, and the two had a good time berrying until late at night. Daniel went to bed before his father's return and when he awoke the next morning found all the clothes he had brought from Dr. Wood's tied up in a small bundle again. His father asked him how he liked haying and Daniel told him that he "found it pretty dull and lonesome yesterday."

"Well," said the father, "I believe you may as well go back to Dr. Woods."

So the boy took his bundle under his arm, meeting on his way a village lawyer who knew Daniel and his father well.

The attorney laughed heartily when he saw the demure Daniel and learned of his destination. "So," said he, "your farming is over, is it?"

The truth of the matter was that Judge Webster had come to believe with his good wife that Daniel would surely "come to something or nothing," and all through life his plan was to lay courses of action before him rather than to advise a choice. So the boy went back to Dr. Woods and a few months thereafter was a freshman at Dartmouth college.

HOW DANIEL WENT HUNTING.

The mixture of intellectuality and love of mother earth was a fortunate combination in Daniel Webster's make-up, insuring that richness and strength which marked his maturity. This close and intense contact with nature not only was a continuous charging of his body with vigor, but with that electrical something which reacts upon the entire temperament and permeates it with a mysterious combination of soul and body known as fascination, and which Daniel Webster, from infancy to death, possessed in a superlative degree. His able and conscientious tutor, the Dr. Woods already mentioned, failed to see in this earthy tendency of his brilliant pupil a saving grace, for the lack of which not a few delicate minds and souls are doomed to decay before they become ripe. Upon one occasion he scolded the boy for roving too much over the hills and along the streams with his gun and rod. He admitted that Daniel was smart, but this would never do; the reverend tutor did not feel justified in taking a dollar a week for fitting him for college and allowing him to waste so much time away from

his books. The scholar took the reprimand in the even fashion which was characteristic, but instead of arguing the matter doubtless determined, through his own devices and with his master's consent, to rub up against the old life-giving hills the very next day. Dr. Woods had an engagement for the following morning. That Daniel knew. His task for the morning was one hundred lines of Virgil. He sat up the entire night studying, although marvelous stories are told of his memory and general mental aptness. The recitation hour at length arrived and Daniel spun off his hundred lines in a way which earned him high praise.

The Doctor arose to fill his engagement.

"But I have a few more lines that I can recite," said the boy Daniel.

"Well, let us have them," replied the Doctor; and forthwith the boy reeled off another hundred lines.

"Very remarkable," said the Doctor. "You are indeed a smart boy."

"But I have another," continued the scholar, "and five hundred of them, if you please."

The Doctor was astonished, but became more and more uneasy about his engagement. He therefore begged to be excused and concluded, to Daniel's great satisfaction, "You may have the whole day, Dan, for pigeon-shooting."

The above is on the authority of Charles Lanman, for many years the great statesman's intimate friend and private secretary.

MUTUAL ADMIRATION SOCIETY OF TWO.

While practicing law in Portsmouth, at the outset of his legal career, Mr. Webster's strongest competitor was Jere-

miah Mason, perhaps then the leader of the New Hampshire bar and one of the greatest criminal lawyers in the country. They were lifelong friends, despite this early legal rivalry, and each had unbounded admiration for the other's powers. Years after, when Mr. Webster had known Choate and Pinckney and Marshall and other brilliant and profound men, he wrote of his friend: "If there be in the country a stronger intellect, if there be a mind of more native resources, if there be a vision that sees quicker, or sees deeper into whatever is intricate, or whatsoever is profound, I must confess I have not known it." In fact, the nine years that the young and the older lawyer crossed the lances of the law at Portsmouth marked a period of discipline for at least Daniel Webster, and went far toward culling away the redundancy of his collegiate style of oratory and fashioning it to the concise, solid, mighty Anglo-Saxon swing which afterward did so much to bring him fame.

It was during this formative period of his life that a gentleman called upon Webster to engage his professional services. Being unable to take any more cases he referred the man to Mr. Mason. Asked concerning the abilities of the latter, the young lawyer answered that he considered them second to none in the country. The gentleman thereupon called upon Mr. Mason and engaged him. Feeling curious to know Mr. Mason's opinion of Mr. Webster, he put the question. "He's the very devil in any case whatever," replied Mr. Mason, "and if he's against you, I beg to be excused."

NEVER KNEW THE VALUE OF MONEY(?).

So Daniel Webster never knew the value of money! The statement has been made so many times, without the qualifying "so" and the implied doubt marked by the interjection, that it has been accepted as a self-evident truth. It is known that although he was the owner of two great farms in the East and invested extensively in Western lands, having, in fact, the ambition to become an agricultural lord of the West, he generally kept his accounts in his head or on floating scraps of paper, having only a general idea of his own financial status.

When Webster was first proposed for Congress in 1813, he was still a young, brilliant, struggling lawyer, too poor as he at first thought to accept the honor. Through his friend, Judge Smith, of the New Hampshire Superior Court, he declined it and left Exeter for his home in Portsmouth. On his way he changed his mind, writing to his judicial friend and admirer, "As to the law, I must attend to that, too. But honor, after all, is worth more than money."

"The impudent dog that he is," said Judge Smith afterwards. "He does not know the value of money and never will. No matter; he was born for something better than hoarding money-bags."

As bearing out Judge Smith's statement, Judge Livermore, another friend and former Chief Justice of the New Hampshire State Supreme Court, relates an incident which fell in this period of Webster's first Congressional term, when his dear legal mentor, Jeremiah Mason, was also a member of the upper house. It seems that he and Mr.

Mason carried their families with them and, boarding together, kept a carriage between them. It was necessary to erect a small building for the vehicle, and at the close of the session the landlord told Mr. Webster that the shed must be removed, as the room was wanted for other purposes in the summer.

"Well," said Webster, "remove it when you please. It is of no further use to us. If it is worth anything to you, you are welcome to it."

The landlord overwhelmed him with thanks for his liberality, and was about leaving the room, when it occurred to Mr. Webster that the building belonged in part to Mr. Mason. He therefore told the man to go for Mr. Mason's orders on the subject.

"You may take down the shed," said the latter and sell the materials either at auction or private sale and account to me for the proceeds. But this is no time to dispose of it to advantage, when everybody is selling out at the close of the session. Wait awhile till it will bring a fair price and I will settle with you for it next winter."

Judge Livermore thus pointed the moral: "Here was a fair sample of Webster's carelessness and Mason's prudence —of Webster's liberality and Mason's thrift. Webster thought nothing of a few old joists and boards, which having served his purpose were to be thrown aside as worthless. Mason not only thought of what they were worth, but when they could be sold to the best advantage. The anecdote is characteristic of the men—the one careless or indifferent in money matters; the other not mean or sordid, but aware of his rights and attentive to his interests."

In this sense, to say nothing of hoarding bags of gold, Webster never knew the value of money; but if the value of money consists in doing all you can with it to forward the happiness of those around you; to oil the creaking, groaning wheels of poverty and misfortune; to use it in such a way that thousands will echo the murmur of the poor rustic over the bier of the careless giant, "Daniel Webster, the world, without you, will seem lonesome"—if the value of money consists in making it a medium of peace on earth and good will to men, then Daniel Webster knew its value fully.

REHEARSES HIS BUNKER HILL SPEECH.

By his own admission, many of Webster's celebrated speeches were prepared amid woods, mountains and streams. His first and most famous Bunker Hill address was born in great part while he was wading through a rapid trout stream, known as Marshpee River, near his Marshfield home. Its high steep banks are thickly wooded, and the only way to catch trout is to wade and angle for them under the banks. One day after Mr. Webster had been invited to deliver the address, his eldest son Fletcher and another fellow fisherman were wading through this picturesque stream, when the two noticed that the usually skillful statesman angler was allowing his hook to be caught by overhanging twigs or floating grass and, by his indifference and carelessness, quite destroying his fame as a fisherman. With his head well up so that he appeared to be gazing at the overhanging trees, Mr. Webster now advanced one foot through the foaming water, extended his right hand and impressively said: "Venerable men! you have come down to us from a

former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out you lives that you might behold this joyous day."

It was upon this occasion of the dedication of Bunker Hill monument that he also delivered the address of welcome to LaFayette. The day before he was out in his fishing yacht with some friends. Luck had been against the fishermen until Mr. Webster hooked a massive cod, and as he hauled it in he exclaimed heartily, "Welcome! all hail! and thrice welcome, citizen of two hemispheres!"

WEBSTER AS A COMMON CARRIER.

A mark of genius of the versatile kind is adaptability, the result of fine sympathy, and that Webster possessed in a large degree. His whole soul was, as a rule, with the present and the people around him. In the home circle his laugh was hearty, boyish and contagious, and even when his wonderful lips were closed, his luminous eyes and kindly smile were loadstones which none could resist. At Mansfield he was the farmer, with slouch hat and loose coat; the stiff dignity and frock coat of the Senate had been neatly shed. Both here and at Elms Farm, affairs political were never discussed. He was either a statesman, a farmer or an angler, but never a composite, and, like an epicure, religiously declined to mix his courses. This he did, naturally, at the risk of being mistaken by strangers for some minor figure in the world, and that risk he readily assumed because of the vast amusement which he often derived from the situation.

For many years Mr. Webster's quite constant companion at Marshfield, whether hooking cod or shooting ducks, was Seth Peterson, a quaint red-faced old salt, a lobster fisher-

man by occupation. Seth was generally attired in a dun-colored shirt and a patched nondescript pair of pants, the weather-beaten condition of his garments corresponding admirably with the aspect of his countenance. But he was a fine boatman and sportsman with original ideas and a vocabulary all his own, so that he and Mr. Webster were boon companions, and to see them together a stranger would never dream but that they were on a perfect intellectual plane. Upon one occasion they were tramping over the Marshfield meadows hunting ducks when they met a couple of Boston gentlemen who neither wished to get dirty in crossing a bog or to use their legs in going around it. Looking the two supposed rustics well over, the Bostonians fixed upon Mr. Webster as the strongest and best natured, offering him a quarter of a dollar apiece if he would take them across the bog on his back. To this proposition Mr. Webster solemnly agreed and after he had done his work fairly as a pack-horse and received his money, his riders inquired if "old Webster was at home." They had bagged no game, and rather than have the day spoiled entirely they would honor him with a call. The carrier replied that old Webster would be at home as soon as he could walk to the house and would be glad to see them at dinner. But the gentlemen from Boston decided to try their luck further at duck-shooting.

BOTH RELIEVED.

When Mr. Webster's mind was filled with business of statecraft, his expression was sometimes stern and forbidding; hence, the story told of a night ride by wagon which

he once took from Baltimore to Washington. The driver was a disreputable looking fellow and worked most terribly upon his passenger's nerves by telling numerous tales of harrowing murders and robberies. At length, as he stopped in a dense wood, Mr. Webster's blood was frozen, especially as the man turned suddenly upon him with, "Now, sir, tell me who you are."

With his hands upon the sides of the wagon ready for a spring, Mr. Webster faltered, "I am Daniel Webster, member of Congress from Massachusetts!"

"What!" the driver replied, grasping him by the hand, "are you Webster? Thank God! Thank God! You were such a deuced ugly-looking chap that I took you for a cut-throat." Mutual relief and explanations.

This is a story that Mr. Webster hugely enjoyed telling.

PANIC CAUSED BY OFFICE-SEEKER.

Apropos of Mr. Webster's fixed purpose to bar out all political affairs from his home life, is the tale that while off Marshfield fishing for mackerel with Commodore Peterson, he noticed a stranger sail rapidly bearing down upon them. Seth confirmed him in his belief that this was no neighborhood boat, whereupon Mr. Webster asked his friend how their smack could sail the fastest.

"With her eye toward Halifax," answered Seth.

"It's a hard case, Skipper," returned Webster. "But head her for Halifax as fast as you can, for the master of that sail is an office-seeker."

And as a matter-of-fact it afterwards proved that the fears of the Secretary of State were well founded.

WEBSTER AS A LOVER OF CATTLE.

Elms Farm was about three miles from Webster's birthplace, a hilly, grazing tract of a thousand acres, lying on the Merrimack River, with the rugged mountains of New Hampshire and Vermont within eyesight. Here was passed much of his youthful life. Through the deaths of father and brother the farm descended to him. To Elms Farm, to its magnificent cattle and to gigantic John Taylor, its warm, faithful, practical superintendent and his friend and tenant, Daniel Webster often turned wearily from affairs of state. The correspondence which passed between the senator and his humble tenant is between man and man and throws a homely light upon greatness. For instance, while Mr. Webster was in the midst of the exciting Harrison campaign of 1840, burdened with his Senatorial duties, besieged on all sides for campaign speeches, slated for a cabinet position in case of a Whig victory, and flushed with high success and worldwide popularity, he sits calmly down to write this to John Taylor of Elms Farm, Franklin:

WASHINGTON, May 23, 1840.

DEAR SIR: Mr. Samuel Lawrence of Lowell has presented to you and me a bull calf, now at Lowell, one month old. It is from a full-blooded imported Devonshire bull and a fine cow, seven-eighths Devonshire and one-eighth Durham. It is bright red, except the top of the tail, which is white, and a little white about the forefeet. I wish you to send for him, as soon as you receive this. I expect that he will make something more than common. The blood is excellent for steers and also for milk. He now drinks milk—He must be taken up carefully in a cart, well fed

with milk by the way and have as much milk as he wants till I see you. Do not put him to any cow, but give him milk in a pail. Send for him as soon as you can.

I wish I could say when Congress will adjourn. One of my first visits when I get to Boston will be to Franklin. Remember the turnips—I will write to Henry W. send you directions and to Mr. Fletcher to send you up some seed. Sow about June 20th—I sow in drills 28 inches apart—that admits the plough. Has Seth Weston sent you your plough? —The land should be ploughed just before sowing, the seeds soaked, so as to start quick, and then the turnips will get ahead of the weeds. I hope you will make the fields shine this year.

We shall write you in season about the horses.

Yours truly,

DAN WEBSTER.

Webster on his part was in the habit of receiving such electrical news from John Taylor as the following:

Sunday Eav., FRANKLIN, May the 2nd, 1852.

MR. WEBSTER:

Dear Sir: Last Friday—the last day of April—I drove 50, hed of Cattle up, and Turned them into the Punch Brook Paster.

When we let them out of there Several yards, whear thay had Bin shet *up for six months,* it was a great site to behold, running &, bellering, I never saw creatures appear to be so happy. They Run nearly all the way up *The sand* hill, and cept runing till they reached the parster gait—yesterday I drawd up 6 hundred of hay to them, but they would

not Eat it. They ware all ful &, bright. I shal not carry them any more hay, unless, we have another cold storm.

I am, Sir, Your most obedient servant,

JOHN TAYLOR.

From all accounts Daniel Webster's one great mental weakness was his spelling, and in John Taylor he had a man after his own heart, orthographic, as otherwise. Mr. Taylor, with all his bad orthography, his crude six feet five inches, and a build fitted to cope with the splendid cattle of Elms Farm, instinctively knew the way to the heart of Daniel Webster. At the time the statesman received this raw but invigorating picture of his great, eager, happy cattle released from their winter bondage, he was Secretary of State and a Presidential candidate. Kossuth was the country's guest and Webster had done the lion's share in giving him an eloquent welcome. But the statesman had long ago tired of all earthly honors and craved rest at his Marshfield home near the sea or with his herds at Elms Farm, lorded over by more than one Hungarian King. For horses and dogs he seemed to care little, but had an unbounded admiration and affection for cattle. In fact, one of the last acts of his life was to have his herd of noble creatures driven up before the window of his sickroom that he might for a time —for the last time—feast his eyes upon them.

WEBSTER'S LAST HOURS AND RELIGIOUS DECLARATIONS.

There was little of that false modesty in Daniel Webster's nature, discerned in not a few great men, of evincing a dense unconsciousness in regard to his own fame. This childish self-depreciation, this pretended ignorance of what

the whole world knows, is the most common weakness of really great characters. In his last days and latest moments on earth Webster showed in every action an honest appreciation of his own high place in the world. He was as honest in this regard as in all else. He could indulge in no theatricals as he approached that eternity and God which were such deep-rooted, solemn realities to him. All his actions and words were straightforward, simple and affectionate, and came from the soul; but underlying them all could be discerned this honest, almost outspoken self-consciousness of a good fight won and a grand fame secured. In his will, executed a few hours before his death, he appointed four literary executors to whom his son was to furnish suitable letters, manuscripts and papers relating to his private and public life. Although there were many passages in his letters and speeches expressing his firm belief in the existence of God and his faith in the divinity of Jesus Christ and immortality beyond the earthly life; although there was no intimate friend in his wide circle who had not heard fresh from his lips the firmest of assurances on these sacred topics, as the end approached he felt it due to the memory of Daniel Webster that he should make a solemn declaration before witnesses. Posterity should never argue or quibble over his attitude toward things divine. During the last few days of his life his great dread was not that he should die but that he should pass away unconscious; should drop away before he had declared himself on the solemn questions of life; should leave this world which he so loved unresponsive to the sympathies of those near and dear to him.

With his powerful mind clear almost to the last, he closely watched the progress of his own disease and an-

nounced to his physician the day of his passing. The evening before his death, having a week previous signed a written statement regarding Christianity which he had dictated to his private secretary, he called to his bedside his wife, son and other relatives, and several close friends who had gathered to bid him God-speed. He then signed his will with a strong clear hand, although physically weak, and thanked God for strength to do it, as well as for the other mercies vouchsafed him. Next he looked inquiringly around the room to see that all were there whom he wished to hear his words, which were: "My general wish on earth has been to do my Maker's will. I thank Him now for all the mercies which surround me. I thank Him for the means He has given me of doing some little good; for my children, those beloved objects; for my nature and associations. I thank Him that I am to die, if I am, under so many circumstances of love and affection.

"No man who is not a brute can say that he is not afraid of death. No man can come back from that bourne; no man can comprehend the will or the works of God. That there is a God all must acknowledge. I see Him in all these wondrous works. Himself how wondrous!

"The great mystery is Jesus Christ—the Gospel. What would be the condition of any of us if we had not the hope of immortality? What ground is there to rest upon but the Gospel? * * * There is, even to the Jews, no direct assurance of an immortality in heaven. * * * But, but, but thank God, the Gospel of Jesus Christ brought life and immortality to light—rescued it—brought it to light. * * * Well, I don't feel as if I am to fall off; I may."

The dying man then paused, became drowsy and closed his eyes, opened them soon, looked eagerly around and

asked, "Have I—wife, son, doctor, friends, are you all here? —have I, on this occasion, said anything unworthy of Daniel Webster?"

"No, no, dear sir," was the response from all.

He then called his servants to the beside and bade them adieu, soothed his wife and suggested that she retire, with the others nearest to him, and await the final parting. Soon afterwards, attended by the physician only, he ejected a great mass of clotted blood from his stomach, said that he felt like sinking away and asked "Am I dying?" A little stimulant was administered and he revived sufficiently to bestow a personal word of parting and benediction upon each of his relatives and friends who separately entered the room.

"From this time," says Dr. Warren, one of the attending physicians, "he fell into a kind of doze, arousing himself occasionally to demand something to relieve him, saying 'Give me life, give me life;' evidently feeling as if he might fall into a state in which he should be unable to realize the passage from life to death. He also asked me once or twice 'Am I alive or am I dead.'" It was past midnight that he awoke from a fitful slumber, evidently made a strong effort to recall himself to consciousness and uttered the words distinctly "I still live." These were his last distinct words and at twenty-three minutes after three o'clock in the morning, at a time when physical man is naturally at his lowest ebb, the great heart and brain ceased their work.

It is indeed fortunate for posterity that Daniel Webster's last hours and minutes can be recorded so precisely, his religious declaration being taken verbatim by George Tichnor Curtis, a legal friend of many years' standing, one of his literary executors, the drafter of his will and the author of the first biography of his life which approaches completeness.

STORY OF THE SPANISH CONSUL.

At the time of the trouble in New Orleans with the Spanish consul, Don Calderon de la Barca was the minister plenipotentiary residing at Washington.

The controversy had been pretty well settled between the two governments by diplomatic notes. Don Calderon, however, seemed to think that he could make himself of considerably more importance by calling on the American Secretary of State, and presenting the Spanish claim for pecuniary remuneration. In giving his own account of the interview, he said:

"I did call on Mr. Webster. I did make a formal demand of the United States for pecuniary compensation for the losses sustained by the Spanish consul, by the mob. I stated my complaint and demand. I did it with precision and force.

"When I got through, what do you think Mr. Webster said to me? He rose from his chair, he made me one bow, and he said, 'Good morning Don Calderon; Good morning Don Calderon; Good Morning' and I did leave the room!"

CONQUERED.

Had Daniel Webster's dinner conversations been faithfully reported the world would have been the gainer, but his inimitable manner, his impersonations of the characters in his stories can never be reproduced.

One thing may be said of him, and that is, that for the sake of a witticism, or to illustrate any conversational topic, he never quoted or made allusion in any way to

the Scriptures. He never spoke of them except with the greatest reverence, nor did he tolerate in others jesting reference to them, but legitimate themes of mirth were readily illumined by his wit.

He was ever ready with *repartee*, but one day at dinner he was actually talked down and out by a garrulous woman. Exposed to the pitiless storm of her ceaseless chatter, Webster for a time bore up bravely, then the prespiration started from his forehead and the veins began to swell, and he was on the point of leaving the table on plea of sudden indisposition, when his hostess saw the situation and signaled for the ladies to leave the table.

Mr. Webster then addressed the gentlemen remaining as follows: "My countrymen did you ever see such a hurricane of a woman?"

OPINION OF HENRY CLAY.

Webster's opinion of his great rival is deeply interesting. He talked freely of him, and admitted that he did not like him. They belonged to the same party, and their political ideas harmonized, but these were about the only matters concerning which they agreed.

When Clay was nominated for the Presidency against Polk in 1844, Mr. Webster at great inconvenience to himself went to Pennsylvania, and took the stump in his behalf.

A near and dear friend ventured to remark: "I should let Mr. Clay get elected in his own way, if I were you."

"It is not Mr. Clay," he replied, "it is the cause, the

great cause, the success of which I believe to be for the interest of the country. Men are nothing, principles are everything. Besides, Mr. Clay is fit to be President, he is qualified for the station. His principles are such as I approve, and his ability nobody can question. Therefore I am bound as an honest man to do everything I can. And when I say that, I am perfectly well aware that Mr. Clay would not do the same thing for me."

RECONCILIATION WITH BENTON.

A year or two before his death, Webster related to a friend the circumstances connected with the great change in his relations toward Colonel Benton. The two men had indulged in many political controversies, and not only this, but they were personally antagonistic. It appears that for years, while they were members of the same body, they had passed in and out at the same door without even bowing to each other, and they never had any intercourse except such as could not be avoided.

At the time of the terrible gun explosion on board the *Princeton* during Tyler's administration, Benton was on board. He was standing as he said in the very best position to witness the experiment when some one touched his arm and led him away to speak to him. Ex-Governor Gilmer of Virginia, then Secretary of the Navy, took his place greatly to his annoyance.

Just then the gun was fired, the explosion took place, and Gilmer was killed as was also Mr. Upshur, the Secretary of State, and others.

Colonel Benton came to Webster and told the story;

"It seemed to me," he said, "as if the touch on my shoulder had been the hand of the Almighty drawing me away from what otherwise would have been instantaneous death. That one circumstance has changed the whole current of my thought and life. I feel that I am a different man, and I want in the first place to be at peace with all those with whom I have been so sharply at variance. And so I have come to you. Let us bury the hatchet, Mr. Webster." They shook hands and after that, their relations were cordial and pleasant.

A PEACEMAKER.

After the reconciliation with Benton, Mr. Webster received a call from a broken down politician by the name of John Wilson, who had decided to move to California. He was old and poor, but thought he might still obtain something for his family if he could reach the far west, and find friends there. He came to Webster for a letter of recommendation, knowing that the name of such a man would be of value.

This was in the year of 1847, just after the discovery of gold in the Golden State, and after Colonel Fremont has wrested the state from Mexican rule. This was indeed a great achievement, and Colonel Benton had reason to be proud of his distinguished son-in-law, even though he had incurred his violent rage by eloping with "Jessie."

Fremont's name was in everyone's mouth, and his wonderful deeds were the subject of general laudation. Everyone going to the Coast was anxious to obtain let-

ters to the gallant young officer. Webster said to the old man that the best recommendation he could get would be a letter from Benton

"Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" enquired the enraged Wilson. "I would not have a letter from him. I would not speak to him, I would not be beholden to him for a favor—not to save the life of every member of my family! No, sir! The very thought makes me shudder. I feel indignant at the mention of it. I take a letter from Benton! I—." "Stop, stop," said Webster, "I know how you feel."

And while he continued to rave and protest, Webster was writing a letter to Benton which ran about as follows:

"Dear Sir:—I am well aware of the disputes, personal and political, which have taken place between the bearer of this note, Mr. John Wilson, and yourself.

"But the old gentleman is now poor, and is going to California, and needs a letter of recommendation. I know no one there to whom I could address a letter, but you know many, and a letter from you would do him a great deal of good.

"I have assured Mr. Wilson that it will do you more good to forget what has passed, and to give him a letter, than it will him to receive it. I am going to persuade him to carry you this note, and I know you will be glad to see him."

When Wilson got through protesting, Webster read the note to him and said. "I want you to carry this to Benton." "I won't," he replied.

Webster coaxed, scolded, reasoned, and brought every consideration, to bear—death, eternity, and everything else. But it seemed for a time that it would be of no use.

After a while however, he softened down and the tears

flowed, and at last promised, very reluctantly, that he would deliver the note at Colonel Benton's door if he did no more. He said afterward that it was the bitterest pill he ever swallowed. He delivered the note with his own card to the servant at the door, and then hastened away to his own lodgings, trembling to think what he had done.

It was hardly an hour before a note came from Benton saying he had received the card and the note, and that Mrs. Benton and himself would have much pleasure in receiving Mr. Wilson at breakfast at nine o'clock the next morning. They would wait breakfast for him, and no answer was expected.

"The idea!" he said to himself, "that I am going to breakfast with Tom Benton! John Wilson! What will people say? And what shall I say? The thing is not to be thought of. And yet I must, I have delivered the note, and sent my card. If I do not go now, it will be rude. It does'nt seem to me as if I could go and sit at that table."

Afterwards he said to Webster, "I lay awake that night thinking of it, and in the morning I felt as a man might feel who had a sentence of death passed upon him, and was called by the turnkey to get up for his last breakfast.

"I rose, however, made my toilet, and after hesitating a great deal, went to Benton's house. My hands trembled as I rang the bell. Instead of a servant, the Colonel, himself came to the door. He took me cordially by both hands, and said, 'Wilson, I am delighted to see you, this is the happiest meeting I have had for twenty years.

Webster has done the kindest thing he ever did in his life.'

"Leading me directly to the dining room, he presented me to Mrs. Benton, and then we sat down to breakfast.

"After inquiring kindly about my family, he said, 'You and I, Wilson, have been quarrelling on the stump for twenty years. We have been calling each other hard names, but really with no want of mutual confidence and respect. It has been merely a foolish political fight, and let us wipe it out of mind. Every thing that I have said about you, I ask your pardon for.'

"We both cried a little, and I asked his pardon, and we were good friends. We talked over old matters, and spent the morning until twelve o'clock in pleasant conversation. Nothing was said about the letter until just as I was leaving. He then turned to his desk, and said 'I have prepared some letters for you, to my son-in-law and other friends in California,' and he handed me nine sheets of foolscap.

"It was not a letter, but a command to the effect that who ever received them must give special attention to the wants of his particular friend, Colonel John Wilson. Every thing was to give way to that. He put them in my hands, and I thanked him and left."

"Colonel Benton," says Webster, "afterward came to me, and said, 'Webster that was the kindest thing, you ever did. God bless you for sending John Wilson to me. That is one troublesome thing off my mind. Let us get these things off our minds as fast as we can. We have not much longer to stay—we have got pretty near the end.

Let us go into the presence of our Maker, with as little of enmity in our hearts as possible.' "

And yet after all this, Webster failed to effect a reconciliation between Benton and Calhoun. Benton said he would do any thing else, he would go down to the jail, and beg the pardon of a negro confined there if necessary, but he would'nt be reconciled to Calhoun.

"I won't, sir—Calhoun is a humbug. I won't have anything to do with him. I won't sir. My mind is made up. He is a humbug, and I wont do it sir."— *From Harvey's "Reminiscences."*

A GREAT MAN'S GREATEST THOUGHT.

There was a dinner at the Astor House while Daniel Webster was Secretary of State under Fillmore, and about twenty gentlemen were present. There had been jokes, arguments, and much conversation concerning the political questions of the day, but a silence at last fell upon the company, and then one of the guests said:

"Mr. Webster, will you tell us what was the most important thought that ever occupied your mind?"

Webster slowly passed his hand over his forehead, and after a moment he answered:"The most important thought that ever occupied my mind was that of my individual responsibility to God." And after speaking on this subject in the most solemn strain for about twenty minutes, he silently arose from the table and retired to his room.

FAVORITE POEMS.

Webster was very fond of Scott's "Lady of the Lake." He especially enjoyed the beginning of the first Canto,

saying that it brought the scene vividly before his mind. He loved to repeat it to his friends, and pausing, to impress upon their minds, the beautiful word pictures of the poet.

Sir Walter Scott, Webster's Favorite Author.

"The stag at eve had
drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon
on Monon's rill,
And deep his midnight
lair had made
In lone Glenartney's
hazel-shade.
And when the sun, his
beacon red
Had kindled on Benvoir-
lich's head,
The deep mouthed blood-
hound's heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky
way,
And faint from farther
distance borne,
Were heard the clang of hoof and horn.
As chief who hears his warder call
'To arms! the foemen storm the wall!'
The antlered monarch of the waste
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste.
But, ere his fleet career he took,
The dew drops from his flank he shook;
Like crested leader, proud and high,
Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky;
A moment gazed adown the dale—
A moment snuffed the tainted gale—
A moment listened to the cry,

That thickened as the chase drew nigh;
Then, as the headmost foes appeared,
With one brave bound, the copse he cleared,
And stretching forward, free and far
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-var."

Mr. Webster had also a high appreciation of the sublimity of Bibical poetry. "The Hebrew poets," said he, "borrowed a great deal of their imagery from common life, and to have invested familiar subjects with the greatest dignity is a commendation, I should say, peculiar to them.

"Homer who has attempted the same, and not without success, still falls far below the sacred writers in boldness and sublimity. What other writer, indeed, in ancient or modern times would have dared, or daring could have succeeded, in conveying a shadow or outline of this glorious delineation of imagery taken from the wine press?"

"Who is this that cometh from Edom?
"With garments deeply dyed from Bozrah?
This, that is magnificent in his apparel;
Marching on in the greatness of his strength?"

"I, the announcer of righteousness, mighty to save."

"Wherefore is thine apparel red?
"And thy garments, as one that treadeth the wine vat?
"I have trodden the wine press alone;
And of the people, there was none to help me."

No one who ever heard Daniel Webster repeat, with his deep and sympathetic intonation, this announcement from Isaiah, in relation to the coming of the Messiah, will ever forget his rendering of the sublime passage.

"I have met with men in my time," he said, "who

were accounted scholars—who knew Homer by heart, recited Pindar, were at home with Æschylus, and petted Horace—who could not understand Isaiah, Moses or the Royal Poet. Why is this? Why, in cultivating profane poetry should they neglect sacred—so far superior in original force, sublimity, and truth to nature?

"The Book of Job is a complete epic, only instead of wars and combatants, we have arguments and orators. Its action is entire and complete, as the unity of the work demands; or as Aristotle expresses it, it has a beginning, middle, and end.

"The middle of this epic, corresponding with that portion of the Iliad which describes the various contests between the Greeks and Trojans, is the sustained, and at times irate controversy between Job and his friends—perhaps the greatest visitation of Providence upon him.

"Isaiah may be occasionally more sublime, and David superior in tenderness and variety of style; but the author of Job in force, and fidelity of description is unrivaled. The dignity of his imagery, and his elevated diction are worthy of his theme."

"I read often, and always with increased pleasure," said Mr. Webster, "the prayer of Habakkuk as it is called; It may properly be denominated an ode, and has been accounted one of the best specimens of its class."

"God came from Teman
The Holy One from Mount Paran.
His glory covered the heavens,
The earth was full of his praise.
Before him rushed the pestilence
And burning coals went forth at his feet.

"He stood and measured the earth;
He beheld, and drove asunder the nations.
The everlasting mountains are scattered,
The perpetual hills did bow their heads.
I saw the tents of Cushan in affliction;
The curtains of the land of Midian trembled.
The mountains saw thee and trembled;
The overflowing of the water passed by.
The deep uttered his voice,
And lifted up his hands on high.
The sun and moon stood still in their habitation
At the light of thine arrows they went,
At the shining of thy glittering spear."

"The Hebrew poets have this advantage, that in the awful dignity of their subject, they not only immeasureably surpass all other authors, but go beyond the confines of human genius. They celebrate the praises and the power of the Holy One, under the influence of direct inspiration, and thus become the organs through which His greatness, and justice, and immensity, reach our apprehension."

"And what," continued Mr. Webster, "can be more beautiful, more expressive than the closing lines of this ode?

"Although the fig tree shall not blossom,
Neither shall fruit be in the vines;
The labor of the olive shall fail,
And the fields shall yield no meat;
The flock shall be cut off from the fold,
And there shall be no herd in the stalls;
Yet I will rejoice in the Lord,
I will joy in the God of my salvation."

"The cadence of the sentiment and the arrangement of the words are wholly poetical. Without doubt, they

were composed originally in verse, or measured numbers; but having lost the ancient pronunciation of the Hebrew language, we cannot ascertain satisfactorily the nature of Hebrew verse.

'The labor of the olive'—what an energetic simile! As if the olive, of its own accord supplied or withheld its fruit; as if it had volition and powers inherent in itself. 'The fields shall yield no meat.'

"How much more forcible and poetic than if he had said 'The fields shall yield no produce, no crop, or return.'

"The whole ode or 'prayer' indeed is full of vivid images, embellishing and strengthening the earnest ideas they illustrate."—*From "Social Hours of Daniel Webster" in Harper's Monthly.*

EXTRACTS FROM SPEECHES BY DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE GREEK REVOLUTION.

From the speech delivered when Mr. Webster was forty-two years of age:

"I am not of those who would, in the hour of the utmost peril, withhold such encouragement as might be properly and lawfully given, and when the crisis should be passed, overwhelm the rescued sufferer with kindness and caresses.

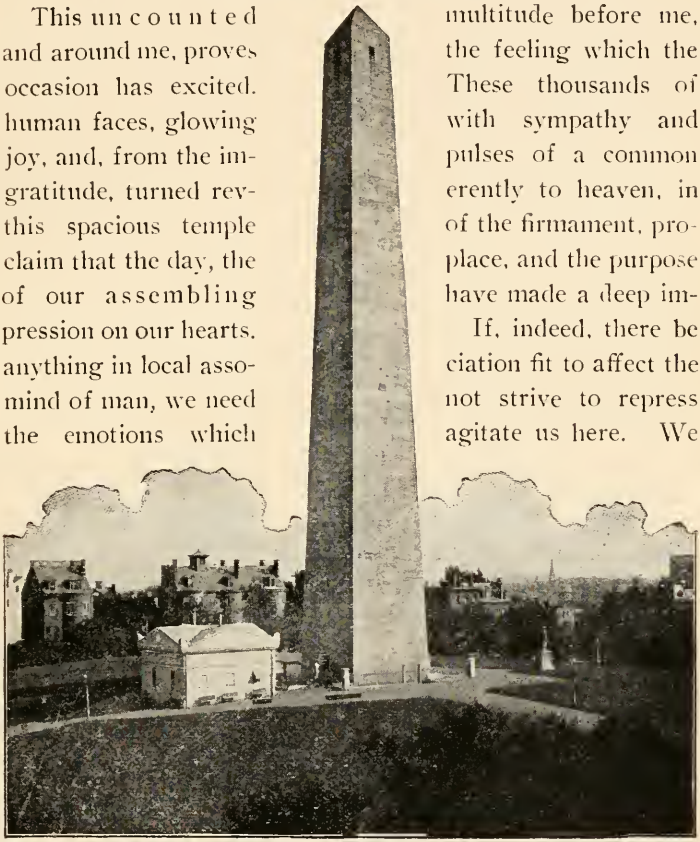
"The Greeks address the civilized world with a pathos not easy to be resisted. They invoke our favor by more moving considerations than can well belong to the condition of any other people. They stretch out their arms to the Christian communities of the earth, beseeching them, by a generous recollection of their ancestors,—by the consideration of their own desolated cities and villages,—by their wives and children sold into an accursed slavery,—by their own blood, which they seem willing to pour out like water—by the common faith, and in the name which unites all Christians, that they would extend to them, at least, some token of compassionate regard."

WEBSTER'S ORATION AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE OF THE BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

Delivered at Charlestown, Mass., on the Seventeenth of June, 1825.

This uncounted multitude before me, and around me, proves the feeling which the occasion has excited. These thousands of human faces, glowing with sympathy and joy, and, from the impulses of a common gratitude, turned reverently to heaven, in this spacious temple of the firmament, proclaim that the day, the place, and the purpose of our assembling have made a deep impression on our hearts.

If, indeed, there be anything in local association fit to affect the mind of man, we need not strive to repress the emotions which agitate us here. We



Bunker Hill Monument, Charlestown, Mass.

are among the sepulchres of our fathers. We are on ground distinguished by their valor, their constancy, and the shed-

ding of their blood. We are here, not to fix an uncertain date in our annals, nor to draw into notice an obscure and unknown spot. If our humble purpose had never been conceived, if we ourselves had never been born, the seventeenth of June, 1775, would have been a day on which all subsequent history would have poured its light, and the eminence where we stand, a point of attraction to the eyes of successive generations. But we are Americans. We live in what may be called the early age of this great continent; and we know that our posterity, through all time, are here to suffer and enjoy the allotments of humanity. We see before us a probable train of great events; we know that our own fortunes have been hapily cast; and it is natural, therefore, that we should be moved by the contemplation of occurrences which have guided our destiny before many of us were born, and settled the condition in which we should pass that portion of our existence which God allows to men on earth.

We do not read even of the discovery of this continent without feeling something of a personal interest in the event; without being reminded how much it has affected our own fortunes and our own existence. It is more impossible for us, therefore, than for others, to contemplate with unaffected minds that interesting, I may say, that most touching and pathetic scene, when the great discoverer of America stood on the deck of his shattered bark, the shades of night falling on the sea, yet no man sleeping; tossed on the billows of an unknown ocean, yet the stronger billows of alternate hope and despair tossing his own troubled thoughts; extending forward his harassed frame, straining westward his anxious

and eager eyes, till Heaven at last granted him a moment of rapture and ecstasy, in blessing his vision with the sight of the unknown world.

Nearer to our times, more closely connected with our fates, and therefore still more interesting to our feelings and affections, is the settlement of our own country by colonists from England. We cherish every memorial of these worthy ancestors; we celebrate their patience and fortitude; we admire their daring enterprise; we teach our children to venerate their piety; and we are justly proud of being descended from men who have set the world an example of founding civil institutions on the great and united principles of human freedom and human knowledge. To us, their children, the story of their labors and sufferings can never be without its interest. We shall not stand unmoved on the shore of Plymouth, while the sea continues to wash it; nor will our brethren, in another early and ancient colony, forget the place of its first establishment, till their river shall cease to flow by it. No vigor of youth, no maturity of manhood, will lead the nation to forget the spots where its infancy was cradled and defended.

But the great event, in the history of the continent, which we are now met here to commemorate; that prodigy of modern times, at once the wonder and blessing of the world, is the American Revolution. In a day of extraordinary prosperity and happiness, of high national honor, distinction, and power, we are brought together, in this place, by our love of country, by our admiration of exalted character, by our gratitude for signal services and patriotic devotion.

The society, whose organ I am, was formed for the pur-

pose of rearing some honorable and durable monument to the memory of the early friends of American Independence. They have thought that for this object no time could be more propitious than the present prosperous and peaceful period; that no place could claim preference over this memorable spot; and that no day could be more auspicious to the undertaking than the anniversary of the battle which was here fought. The foundation of that monument we have now laid. With solemnities suited to the occasion, with prayers to Almighty God for his blessing, and in the midst of this cloud of witnesses, we have begun the work. We trust it will be prosecuted, and that springing from a broad foundation rising high in massive solidity and unadorned grandeur it may remain as long as Heaven permits the works of man to last, a fit emblem, both of the events in memory of which it is raised and of the gratitude of those who have reared it.

We know, indeed, that the record of illustrious actions is most safely deposited in the universal remembrance of mankind. We know that if we could cause this structure to ascend, not only till it reached the skies, but till it pierced them, its broad surface could still contain but part of that which, in an age of knowledge, hath already been spread over the earth, and which history charges itself with making known to all future times. We know that no inscription on entablatures less broad than the earth itself can carry information of the events we commemorate where it has not already gone; and that no structure which shall not outlive the duration of letters and knowledge among men, can prolong the memorial. But our object is by this

edifice to show our own deep sense of the value and importance of the achievements of our ancestors; and by presenting this work of gratitude to the eye to keep alive similar sentiments and to foster a constant regard for the principles of the Revolution. Human beings are composed not of reason only, but of imagination also, and sentiment; and that is neither wasted nor misapplied which is appropriated to the purpose of giving right direction to sentiments and opening proper springs of feeling in the heart. Let it not be supposed that our object is to perpetuate national hostility, or even to cherish a mere military spirit. It is higher, purer, nobler. We consecrate our work to the spirit of national independence, and we wish that the light of peace may rest upon it forever. We rear a memorial of our conviction of that unmeasured benefit which has been conferred on our own land, and of the happy influences which have been produced by the same events on the general interests of mankind. We come as Americans to mark a spot which must forever be dear to us and our posterity. We wish that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eye hither, may behold that the place is not undistinguished where the first great battle of the Revolution was fought. We wish that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event to every class and every age. We wish that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from maternal lips and that weary and withered age may behold it and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests. We wish that labor may look up here and be proud in the midst of its toil. We wish that in those days of disaster which, as they come on all nations, must be expected to come on

us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward and be assured that the foundations of our national power still stand strong. We wish that this column rising toward heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God may contribute also to produce in all minds a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object on the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden his who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earlier light of morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit.

We live in a most extraordinary age. Events so various and so important that they might crowd and distinguish centuries are in our times compressed within the compass of a single life. When has it happened that history has had so much to record in the same term of years as since the seventeenth of June, 1775? Our own Revolution, which under other circumstances might itself have been expected to occasion a war of half a century, has been achieved; twenty-four soverign and independent States erected; and a general government established over them, so safe, so wise, so free, so practical, that we might well wonder its establishment should have been accomplished so soon were it not for the greater wonder that it should have been established at all. Two or three millions of people have been augmented to twelve; and the great forests of the West prostrated beneath the arm of successful industry; and the dwellers on the banks of Ohio and the Mississippi become the fellow-citizens and neighbors of those who cultivate

the hills of New England. We have a commerce that leaves no sea unexplored; navies which take no law from superior force; revenues adequate to all the exigencies of government, almost without taxation; and peace with all nations, founded on equal rights and mutual respect.

Europe, within the same period has been agitated by a mighty revolution, which, while it has been felt in the individual condition and happiness of almost every man, has shaken to the center her political fabric, and dashed against one another thrones which had stood tranquil for ages. On this, our continent, our own example has been followed; and colonies have sprung up to be nations. Unaccustomed sounds of liberty and free government have reached us from beyond the track of the sun; and at this moment the dominion of European power in this continent, from the place where we stand to the South Pole, is annihilated forever.

In the meantime, both in Europe and America, such has been the general progress of knowledge; such the improvements in legislation, in commerce, in the arts, in letters, and, above all, in liberal ideas and the general spirit of the age, that the whole world seems changed.

Yet, notwithstanding that this is but a faint abstract of the things which have happened since the day of the battle of Bunker Hill, we are but fifty years removed from it; and we now stand here to enjoy all the blessings of our own condition, and to look abroad on the brightened prospects of the world, while we hold still among us some of those who were active agents in the scenes of 1775, and who are now here from every quarter of New England to visit once more, and under circumstances so affecting, I had almost said so

overwhelming, this renowned theatre of their courage and patriotism.

Venerable men, you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country. Behold, how altered! The same heavens are, indeed, over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else, how changed! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon, you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewed with the dead and the dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death; all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs which you then saw filled with wives and children and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population come out to welcome and greet you with a universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defense. All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness ere you slumber in

the grave forever. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you!

But, alas! you are not all here! Time and the sword have thinned your ranks. Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Brooks, Read, Pomeroy, Bridge! our eyes seek for you in vain amid this broken band. You are gathered to your fathers, and live only to your country in her grateful remembrance and your own bright example. But let us not too much grieve that you have met the common fate of men. You lived at least long enough to know that your work had been nobly and successfully accomplished. You lived to see your country's independence established and to sheath your swords from war. On the light of liberty you saw arise the light of Peace, like

"Another morn
Risen on mid-noon

and the sky on which you closed your eyes was cloudless.

But—ah! Him! the first great martyr in this great cause! Him! the premature victim of his own self-devoting heart! Him! the head of our civil councils and the destined leader of our military bands, whom nothing brought hither but the unquenchable fire of his own spirit; him! cut off by Providence in the hour of overwhelming anxiety and thick gloom; falling ere he saw the star of his country rise; pouring out his generous blood like water before he knew whether it would fertilize a land of freedom or of bondage! how shall I struggle with the emotions that stifle the utter-

ance of thy name! Our poor work may perish, but thine shall endure! This monument may moulder away; the solid ground it rests upon may sink down to a level with the sea, but thy memory shall not fail! Wheresoever among men a heart shall be found that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with thy spirit!

But the scene amid which we stand does not permit us to confine our thoughts or our sympathies to those fearless spirits who hazarded or lost their lives on this consecrated spot. We have the happiness to rejoice here in the presence of a most worthy representation of the survivors of the whole Revolutionary army.

Veterans, you are the remnant of many a well-fought field. You bring with you marks of honor from Trenton and Monmouth, from Yorktown, Camden, Bennington, and Saratoga. Veterans of half a century, when in your youthful days you put everything at hazard in your country's cause, good as that cause was, and sanguine as youth is, still your fondest hopes did not stretch onward to an hour like this! At a period to which you could not reasonably have expected to arrive; at a moment of national prosperity, such as you could never have foreseen, you are now met here to enjoy the fellowship of old soldiers and to receive the overflowings of a universal gratitude.

But your agitated countenances and your heaving breasts inform me that even this is not an unmixed joy. I perceive that a tumult of contending feelings rushes upon you. The images of the dead, as well as the person of the living, throng to your embraces. The scene overwhelms you, and I

turn from it. May the Father of all mercies smile upon your declining years and bless them! And when you shall here have exchanged your embraces; when you shall once more have pressed the hands which have been so often extended to give succor in adversity, or grasped in the exultation of victory; then look abroad into this lovely land, which your young valor defended, and mark the happiness with which it is filled; yea, look abroad into the whole earth and see what a name you have contributed to give to your country, and what a praise you have added to freedom, and then rejoice in the sympathy and gratitude which beam upon your last days from the improved condition of mankind.

The occasion does not require of me any particular account of the battle of the seventeenth of June, nor any detailed narrative of the events which immediately preceded it. These are familiarly known to all. In the progress of the great and interesting controversy, Massachusetts and the town of Boston had become early and marked objects of the displeasure of the British Parliament. This had been manifested in the act for altering the government of the Province, and that for the shutting up the port of Boston. Nothing sheds more honor on our early history, and nothing better shows how little the feelings and sentiments of the Colonies were known or regarded in England, than the impression which these measures everywhere produced in America. It had been anticipated that while the other Colonies would be terrified by the severity of the punishment inflicted on Massachusetts, the other seaports would be gov erned by a mere spirit of gain; and that, as Boston was now cut off from all commerce, the unexpected advantage which

this blow on her was calculated to confer on other towns would be greedily enjoyed. How miserably such reasoners deceived themselves! How little they knew of the depth, and the strength, and the intenseness of that feeling of resistance to illegal acts of power which possessed the whole American people. Everywhere the unworthy boon was rejected with scorn. The fortunate occasion was seized everywhere to show to the whole world that the Colonies were swayed by no local interest, no partial interest, no selfish interest. The temptation to profit by the punishment of Boston was strongest to our neighbors of Salem. Yet Salem was precisely the place where this miserable proffer was spurned in a tone of the most lofty self-respect and the most indignant patriotism. "We are deeply affected," said its inhabitants, "with the sense of our public calamities; but the miseries that are now rapidly hastening on our brethren in the capital of the Province greatly excite our commiseration. By shutting up the port of Boston some imagine that the course of trade might be turned hither, and to our benefit; but we must be dead to every idea of justice, lost to all feelings of humanity, could we indulge a thought to seize on wealth and raise our fortunes on the ruin of our suffering neighbors." These noble sentiments were not confined to our immediate vicinity. In that day of general affection and brotherhood, the blow given to Boston smote on every patriotic heart, from one end of the countrty to the other. Virginia and the Carolinas, as well as Connecticut and New Hampshire, felt and proclaimed the cause to be their own. The Continental Congress, then holding its first session in Philadelphia, expressed its sympathy for the suffering in-

habitants of Boston, and addressees were received from all quarters assuring them that the cause was a common one, and should be met by common efforts and common sacrifices. The Congress of Massachusetts responded to these assurances; and in an address to the Congress of Philadelphia, bearing the official signature, perhaps among the last of the immortal Warren, notwithstanding the severity of its suffering and the magnitude of the dangers which threatened it, it was declared that this Colony "is ready, at all times, to spend and to be spent in the cause of America."

But the hour drew nigh which was to put professions to the proof and to determine whether the authors of these mutual pledges were ready to seal them in blood. The tidings of Lexington and Concord had no sooner spread than it was universally felt that the time was at last come for action. A spirit pervaded all ranks, not transient, not boisterous, but deep, solemn, determined—

"Totamque infusa per artus
Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet."

War, on their own soil and at their own doors, was, indeed, a strange work to the yeomanry of New England; but their consciences were convinced of its necessity, their country called them to it and they did not withold themselves from the perilous trial. The ordinary occupations of life were abandoned; the plow was stayed in the unfinished furrow; wives gave up their husbands, and mothers gave up their sons to the battles of a civil war. Death might come, in honor, on the field; it might come, in disgrace, on the scaffold. For either and for both they were prepared. The sentiment of Quincy was full in their hearts. "Blandish-

ments," said that distinguished son of genius and patriotism, "will not fascinate us, nor will threats of a halter intimidate; for, under God, we are determined that wheresoever, whensoever, or howsoever we shall be called to make our exit, we will die free men."

The seventeenth of June saw the four New England Colonies standing here, side by side, to triumph or to fall together; and there was with them from that moment to the end of the war, what I hope will remain with them forever—one cause, one country, one heart.

The battle of Bunker Hill was attended with the most important effects beyond its immediate result as a military engagement. It created at once a state of open, public war. There could now be no longer a question of proceeding against individuals as guilty of treason or rebellion. That fearful crisis was past. The appeal now lay to the sword, and the only question was whether the spirit and the resources of the people would hold out till the object should be accomplished. Nor were its general consequences confined to our own country. The previous proceedings of the Colonies, their appeals, resolutions, and addresses had made their cause known to Europe. Without boasting, we may say that in no age or country has the public cause been maintained with more force of argument, more power of illustration, or more of that persuasion which excited feeling and elevated principle can alone bestow, than the Revolutionary State papers exhibit. These papers will forever deserve to be studied, not only for the spirit which they breathe, but for the ability with which they were written.

To this able vindication of their cause, the Colonies had

now added a practical and severe proof of their own true devotion to it, and evidence also of the power which they could bring to its support. All now saw that if America fell, she would not fall without a struggle. Men felt sympathy and regard as well as surprise when they beheld these infant States, remote, unknown, unaided, encounter the power of England, and in the first considerable battle leave more of their enemies dead on the field, in proportion to the number of combatants, than they had recently known in the wars of Europe.

Information of these events circulating through Europe at length reached the ears of one who now hears me. He has not forgotten the emotion which the fame of Bunker Hill and the name of Warren excited in his youthful breast.

Sir, we are assembled to commemorate the establishment of great public principles of liberty, and to do honor to the distinguished dead. The occasion is too severe for eulogy to the living. But, sir, your interesting relation to this country, the peculiar circumstances which surround you and surround us, call on me to express the happiness which we derive from your presence and aid in this solemn commemoration.

Fortunate, fortunate man! with what measure of devotion will you not thank God for the circumstances of your extraordinary life! You are connected with both hemispheres and with two generations. Heaven saw fit to ordain that electric spark of liberty should be conducted, through you, from the New World to the Old; and we, who are now here to perform this duty of patriotism, have all of us long ago received it in charge from our fathers to cherish your

name and your virtues. You will account it an instance of your good fortune, sir, that you crossed the seas to visit us at a time which enables you to be present at this solemnity. You now behold the field, the renown of which reached you in the heart of France, and caused a thrill in your ardent bosom. You see the lines of the little redoubt thrown up by the incredible diligence of Prescott; defended to the last extremity, by his lion-hearted valor; and within which the corner stone of our monument has now taken its position. You see where Warren fell, and where Parker, Gardiner, McCleary, Moore, and other early patriots fell with him. Those who survived that day, and whose lives have been prolonged to the present hour, are now around you. Some of them you have known in the trying scenes of war. Behold! they now stretch forth their feeble arms to embrace you. Behold! they raise their trembling voices to invoke the blessing of God on you and yours forever.

Sir, you have assisted us in laying the foundation of this edifice. You have heard us rehearse, with our feeble commendation, the names of departed patriots. Sir, monuments and eulogy belong to the dead. We give them this day to Warren and his associates. On other occasions they have been given to your more immediate companions in arms, to Washington, to Greene, to Gates, Sullivan, and Lincoln. Sir, we have become reluctant to grant these, our highest and last honors, further. We would gladly hold them yet back from the little remnant of that immortal band. "*Serus in cœlum redeas.*" Illustrious as are your merits, yet far, oh, very far distant be the day when any inscription shall bear your name, or any tongue pronounce its eulogy!

The leading reflection to which this occasion seems to invite us respects the great changes which have happened in the fifty years since the battle of Bunker Hill was fought. And it peculiarly marks the character of the present age that, in looking at these changes and in estimating their effect on our condition, we are obliged to consider, not what has been done in our own country only, but in others also. In these interesting times, while nations are making separate and individual advances in improvement, they make, too, a common progress; like vessels on a common tide, propelled by the gales at different rates, according to their several structure and management, but all moved forward by one mighty current beneath, strong enough to bear onward whatever does not sink beneath it.

A chief distinction of the present day is a community of opinions and knowledge among men, in different nations, existing in a degree heretofore unknown. Knowledge has, in our time, triumphed, and is triumphing over distance, over difference of languages, over diversity of habits, over prejudice, and over bigotry. The civilized and Christian world is fast learning the great lesson, that difference of nation does not imply necessary hostility, and that all contact need not be war. The whole world is becoming a common field for intellect to act in. Energy of mind, genius, power, wheresoever it exists, may speak out in any tongue, and the world will hear it. A great chord of sentiment and feeling runs through two continents and vibrates over both. Every breeze wafts intelligence from country to country; every wave rolls it; all give it forth, and all in turn receive it. There is a vast commerce of

ideas; there are marts and exchanges for intellectual discoveries, and a wonderful fellowship of those individual intelligencies which make up the mind and opinion of the age. Mind is the great lever of all things; human thought is the process by which human ends are ultimately answered; and the diffusion of knowledge, so astonishing in the last half century, has rendered innumerable minds, variously gifted by nature, competent to be competitors, or fellow-workers, on the theater of intellectual operation.

From these causes important improvements have taken place in the personal condition of individuals. Generally speaking, mankind are not only better fed and better clothed, but they are able also to enjoy more leisure; they possess more refinement and more self-respect. A superior tone of education, manners, and habits prevails. This remark, most true in its application to our own country, is also partly true when applied elsewhere. It is proved by the vastly augmented consumption of those articles of manufacture and of commerce which contribute the comforts and the decencies of life—an augmentation which has far outrun the progress of population. And while the unexampled and almost incredible use of machinery would seem to supply the place of labor, labor still finds its occupation and its reward; so wisely has Providence adjusted men's wants and desires to their condition and their capacity.

Any adequate survey, however, of the progress made in the last half century, in the polite and the mechanic arts, in machinery and manufactures, in commerce and agriculture, in letters and in science, would require volumes. I must abstain wholly from these subjects, and turn, for a mo-

ment, to the contemplation of what has been done on the great question of politics and government. This is the master topic of the age; and during the whole fifty years, it has intensely occupied the thoughts of men. The nature of civil government, its ends and uses, have been canvassed and investigated; ancient opinions attacked and defended; new ideas recommended and resisted by whatever power the mind of man could bring to the controversy. From the closet and the public halls the debate has been transferred to the field; and the world has been shaken by wars of unexampled magnitude, and the greatest variety of fortune. A day of peace has at length succeeded; and now that the strife has subsided, and the smoke cleared away, we begin to see what has actually been done, permanently changing the state and condition of human society. And without dwelling on particular circumstances, it is most apparent that, from the before-mentioned causes of augmented knowledge and improved individual condition, a real, substantial, and important change has taken place, and is taking place, greatly beneficial, on the whole, to human liberty and human happiness.

The great wheel of political revolution began to move in America. Here its rotation was guarded, regular, and safe. Transferred to the other continent, from unfortunate but natural causes, it received an irregular and violent impulse; it whirled along with fearful celerity, till at length, like the chariot wheel in the races of antiquity, it took fire from the rapidity of its own motion, and blazed onward, spreading conflagration and terror around.

We learn from the result of this experiment how fortu-

nate was our own condition, and how admirably the character of our people was calculated for making the great example of popular governments. The possession of power did not turn the heads of the American people, for they had long been in the habit of exercising a great portion of self-control. Although the paramount authority of the parent State existed over them, yet a large field of legislation had always been open to our Colonial assemblies. They were accustomed to representative bodies and the forms of free government; they understood the doctrine of the division of power among the different branches and the necessity of checks on each. The character of our countrymen, moreover, was sober, moral, and religious; and there was little in the change to shock their feelings of justice and humanity, or even to disturb an honest prejudice. We had no domestic throne to overturn, no privileged orders to cast down, no violent changes of property to encounter. In the American Revolution, no man sought or wished for more than to defend and enjoy his own. None hoped for plunder or for spoil. Rapacity was unknown to it; the axe was not among the instruments of its accomplishment; and we all know that it could not have lived a single day under any well-founded imputation of possessing a tendency adverse to the Christian religion.

It need not surprise us that, under circumstances less auspicious, political revolutions elsewhere, even when well intended, have terminated differently. It is, indeed, a great achievement, it is the master-work of the world, to establish governments entirely popular, on lasting foundations; nor is it easy, indeed, to introduce the popular principle at all

into governments to which it has been altogether a stranger. It cannot be doubted, however, that Europe has come out of the contest, in which she has been so long engaged, with greatly superior knowledge, and, in many respects, a highly improved condition. Whatever benefit has been acquired is likely to be retained for it consists mainly in the acquisition of more enlightened ideas. And although kingdoms and provinces may be wrested from the hands that hold them, in the same manner they were obtained; although ordinary and vulgar power may, in human affairs, be lost as it has been won, yet it is the glorious prerogative of the empire of knowledge, that what it gains it never loses. On the contrary, it increases by the multiple of its own power; all its ends become means; all its attainments help to new conquests. Its whole abundant harvest is but so much seed wheat, and nothing has ascertained, and nothing can ascertain, the amount of ultimate product.

Under the influence of this rapidly increasing knowledge, the people have begun, in all forms of government, to think and to reason on affairs of state. Regarding government as an institution for the public good, they demand a knowledge of its operations and a participation in its exercise. A call for the representative system, wherever it is not enjoyed, and where there is already intelligence enough to estimate its value, is perseveringly made. Where men may speak out, they demand it; where the bayonet is at their throats they pray for it.

When Louis XIV. said: "I am the State," he expressed the essence of the doctrine of unlimited power. By the rules of that system, the people are disconnected from the State;

they are its subjects; it is their lord. These ideas, founded in the love of power, and long supported by the excess and abuse of it, are yielding in our age to other opinions; the conviction of that fundamental and manifest truth, that the powers of government are but a trust, and that they cannot be lawfully exercised but for the good of the community. As knowledge is more and more extended, this conviction becomes more and more general. Knowledge, in truth, is the great sun in the firmament. Life and power are scattered by all its beams. The prayer of the Grecian combatant, when enveloped in unnatural clouds and darkness, is the appropriate political supplication for the people of every country not yet blessed with free institutions:

> "Dispel this cloud, the light of heaven restore;
> Give me to see—and Ajax asks no more."

We may hope that the growing influence of enlightened sentiments will promote the permanent peace of the world. Wars, to maintain family alliances, to uphold or to cast down dynasties, to regulate successions to thrones, which have occupied so much room in the history of modern times, if not less likely to happen at all, will be less likely to become general and involve many nations, as the great principle shall be more and more established, that the interest of the world is peace, and its first great statute, that every nation possess the power of establishing a government for itself. But public opinion has attained also an influence over governments which do not permit the popular principle into their organization. A necessary respect for the judgment of the world operates, in some measure, as a control over the most unlimited forms of authority. It is owing,

perhaps, to this truth, that the interesting struggle of the Greeks has been suffered to go on so long, without a direct interference, either to wrest that country from its present masters, and add it to other powers, or to execute the system of pacification by force, and, with united strength, lay the neck of Christian and civilized Greece at the foot of the barbarian Turk. Let us thank God that we live in an age when something has influence besides the bayonet, and when the sternest authority does not venture to encounter the scorching power of public reproach. Any attempt of the kind I have mentioned should be met by one universal burst of indignation; the air of the civilized world ought to be made too warm to be comfortably breathed by any who would hazard it.

It is, indeed a touching reflection, that while, in the fullness of our country's happiness, we rear this monument to her honor, we look for instruction in our undertaking, to a country which is now in fearful contest, not for works of art or memorials of glory, but for her own existence. Let her be assured that she is not forgotten in the world; that her efforts are applauded, and that constant prayers ascend for her success. And let us cherish a confident hope for her final triumph. If the true spark of religious and civil liberty be kindled, it will burn. Human agency cannot extinguish it. Like the earth's central fire, it may be smothered for a time; the ocean may overwhelm it; mountains may press it down; but its inherent and unconquerable force will heave both the ocean and the land, and at some time or another, in some place or another, the volano will break out and flame up to heaven.

Among the great events of the half-century, we must reckon, certainly, the revolution of South America; and we are not likely to overrate the importance of that revolution, either to the people of the country itself or to the rest of the world. The late Spanish Colonies, now independent States, under circumstances less favorable, doubtless, than attended our own Revolution, have yet successfully commenced their national existence. They have accomplished the great object of establishing their independence; they are known and acknowledged in the world; and, although in regard to their systems of government, their sentiments on religious toleration, and their provisions for public instruction, they may have yet much to learn, it must be admitted that they have risen to the condition of settled and established States more rapidly than could have been reasonably anticipated. They already furnish an exhilarating example of the difference between free governments and despotic misrule. Their commerce at this moment creates a new activity in all the great marts of the world. They show themselves able by an exchange of commodities to bear a useful part in the intercourse of nations. A new spirit of enterprise and industry begins to prevail; all the great interests of society receive a salutary impulse; and the progress of information not only testifies to an improved condition, but constitutes itself the highest and most essential improvement.

When the battle of Bunker Hill was fought, the existence of South America was scarcely felt in the civilized world. The thirteen little Colonies of North America habitually called themselves the "Continent." Borne down by Colonial subjugation, monopoly, and bigotry, these vast regions of

the South were hardly visible above the horizon. But in our day there hath been, as it were, a new creation. The Southern Hemisphere emerges from the sea. Its lofty mountains begin to lift themselves into the light of heaven; its broad and fertile plains stretch out in beauty to the eye of civilized man and at the mighty being of the voice of political liberty, the waters of darkness retire.

And now let us indulge an honest exultation in the conviction of the benefit which the example of our country has produced and is likely to produce on human freedom and human happiness. And let us endeavor to comprehend in all its magnitude and to feel in all its importance the part assigned to us in the great drama of human affairs. We are placed at the head of the system of representative and popular governments. Thus far our example shows that such governments are compatible, not only with respectability and power, but with repose, with peace, with security of personal rights, with good laws and a just administration.

We are not propagandists. Wherever other systems are preferred, either as being thought better in themselves or as better suited to existing conditions, we leave the preference to be enjoyed. Our history hitherto proves, however, that the popular form is practicable and that, with wisdom and knowledge, men may govern themselves; and the duty incumbent on us is to preserve the consistency of this cheering example and take care that nothing may weaken its author-

ity with the world. If in our case the representative system ultimately fail, popular governments must be pronounced impossible. No combination of circumstances more favorable to the experiment can ever be expected to occur. The last hopes of mankind, therefore, rest with us; and if it should be proclaimed that our example had become an argument against the experiment, the knell of popular liberty would be sounded throughout the earth.

These are incitements to duty; but they are not suggestions of doubt. Our history and our condition, all that is gone before us and all that surrounds us, authorize the belief that popular governments, though subject to occasional variations, perhaps not always for the better in form, may yet in their general character be as durable and as permanent as other systems. We know, indeed, that in our country any other is impossible. The principle of free governments adheres to the American soil. It is bedded in it—immovable as its mountains.

And let the sacred obligations which have devolved on this generation and on us sink deep into our hearts. Those are daily dropping from among us who established our liberty and our government. The great trust now descends to new hands. Let us apply ourselves to that which is presented to us as our appropriate object. We can win no laurels in a war for independence. Earlier and worthier hands have gathered them all. Nor are there places for us

by the side of Solon and Alfred, and other founders of States. Our fathers have filled them. But there remains to us a great duty of defense and preservation; and there is opened to us also a noble pursuit to which the spirit of the times strongly invites us. Our proper business is improvement. Let our age be the age of improvement. In a day of peace let us advance the arts of peace. Let us develop the resources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its institutions, promote all its great interests, and see whether we also, in our day and generation, may not perform something worthy to be remembered. Let us cultivate a true spirit of union and harmony. In pursuing the great objects which our condition points out to us, let us act under a settled conviction, and a habitual feeling that these twenty-four States are one country. Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country. And by the blessing of God may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace, and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration, forever.

AT PLYMOUTH IN 1820.

From the Discourse in Commemoration of the First Settlement of New England, Delivered at Plymouth, December 22, 1820.

THERE may be, and there often is, indeed, a regard for ancestry, which nourishes only a weak pride; as there is also a care for posterity, which only disguises a habitual avarice, or hides the workings of a low and groveling vanity. But there is also a moral and philosophical respect for our ancestors, which elevates the character and improves the heart. Next to the sense of religious duty and moral feeling, I hardly know what should bear with stronger obligation on a liberal and enlightened mind than a consciousness of alliance with excellence which is departed; and a consciousness, too, that in its acts and conduct, and even in its sentiments and thoughts, it may be actively operating on the happiness of those who come after it. Poetry is found to have few stronger conceptions, by which it would affect or overwhelm the mind, than those in which it presents the moving and speaking image of the departed dead to the senses of the living. This belongs to poetry, only because it is congenial to our nature. Poetry is, in this respect, but the handmaid of true philosophy and morality; it deals with us as human beings, naturally reverencing those whose visible connection with this state of existence is severed, and who may yet exercise we know not what sympathy with ourselves; and when it carries us forward also, and shows us the long-continued result of all the good we do, in the prosperity of those who follow us, till it bears us from ourselves, and absorbs us in an intense interest for what shall happen to the generations after us —it speaks only in the language of our nature, and affects us with sentiments which belong to us as human beings.

Standing in this relation to our ancestors and our posterity, we are assembled on this memorable spot, to perform the duties which that relation and the present occasion impose upon us. We have come to this Rock, to record here our homage for our Pilgrim Fathers; our sympathy in their sufferings; our gratitude for their labors; our admiration for their virtues; our veneration for their piety; and our attachment to those principles of civil and religious liberty which they encountered the dangers of the ocean, the storms

of heaven, the violence of savages, disease, exile, and famine, to enjoy and establish. And we would leave here also, for the generations which are rising up rapidly to fill our places, some proof that we have endeavored to transmit the greater inheritance unimpaired; that in our estimate of public principles and private virtue, in our veneration of religion and piety, in our devotion to religious and civil liberty, in our regard to whatever advances human knowledge or improves happiness, we are not altogether unworthy of our origin.

The hours of this day are rapidly flying, and this occasion will soon be passed. Neither we nor our children can expect to behold its return. They are in the distant regions of futurity; they exist only in the all-creating power of God, who shall stand here a hundred years hence, to trace, through us, their descent from the Pilgrims, and to survey, as we have surveyed, the progress of their country during the lapse of a century. We would anticipate their concurrence with us in our sentiments of deep regard for our common ancestors. We would anticipate and partake the pleasure with which they will then recount the steps of New England's advancement. On the morning of that day, although it will not disturb us in our repose, the voice of acclamation and gratitude, commencing on the Rock of Plymouth, shall be transmitted through millions of the sons of the Pilgrims, till it lose itself in the murmurs of the Pacific seas.

We would leave for the consideration of those who shall then occupy our places some proof that we hold the blessings transmitted from our fathers in just estimation; some proof of our attachment to the cause of good government and of civil and religious liberty; some proof of a sincere and ardent desire to promote everything which may enlarge the understandings and improve the hearts of men. And when, from the long distance of a hundred years, they shall look back upon us, they shall know at least that we possessed affections, which, running backward and warming with gratitude for what our ancestors have done for our happiness, run forward also to our posterity, and meet them with cordial salutation, ere yet they have arrived on the shore of being.

Advance, then, ye future generations! We would hail you, as you rise in your long succession, to fill the places which we now

fill, and to taste the blessings of existence where we are now passing, and soon shall have passed, our own human duration. We bid you welcome to this pleasant land of our fathers. We bid you welcome to the healthful skies and the verdant fields of New England. We greet your accession to the great inheritance which we have enjoyed. We welcome you to the blessings of good government and religious liberty. We welcome you to the treasures of science and the delights of learning. We welcome you to the transcendent sweets of domestic life, to happiness of kindred, and parents, and children. We welcome you to the immeasurable blessings of rational existence, the immortal hope of Christianity, and the light of everlasting truth!

JOHN ADAMS.

From a Discourse in Commemoration of the Lives and Services of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, Faneuil Hall, Boston, August 2, 1826.

THE eloquence of Mr. Adams resembled his general character, and formed, indeed, a part of it. It was bold, manly, and energetic; and such the crisis required. When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech further than as it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire to it; they cannot reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbreaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and

all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then patriotism is eloquent; then self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward to his object—this, this is eloquence; or rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence—it is action, noble, sublime, godlike action.

In July, 1776, the controversy had passed the stage of argument. An appeal had been made to force, and opposing armies were in the field. Congress, then, was to decide whether the tie which had so long bound us to the parent State was to be severed at once, and severed forever. All the Colonies had signified their resolution to abide by this decision, and the people looked for it with the most intense anxiety. And surely, fellow citizens, never, never were men called to a more important political deliberation. If we contemplate it from the point where they then stood, no question could be more full of interest; if we look at it now, and judge of its importance by its effects, it appears of still greater magnitude.

Let us, then, bring before us the assembly, which was about to decide a question thus big with the fate of empire. Let us open their doors and look in upon their deliberations. Let us survey the anxious and careworn countenances, let us hear the firm-toned voices, of this band of patriots.

Hancock presides over the solemn sitting; and one of those not yet prepared to pronounce for absolute independence is on the floor, and is urging his reasons for dissenting from the Declaration.

"Let us pause! This step, once taken, cannot be retraced. This resolution, once passed, will cut off all hope of reconciliation. If success attend the arms of England, we shall then no longer be Colonies, with charters and with privileges; these will all be forfeited by this act; and we shall be in the condition of other conquered people, at the mercy of the conquerors. For ourselves, we may be ready to run the hazard; but are we ready to carry the country to that length? Is success so profitable as to justify it? Where is the military, where the naval power, by which we are to resist the whole strength

of the arm of England—for she will exert that strength to the utmost? or will they not act as the people of other countries have acted, and, wearied with a long war, submit, in the end, to a worse oppression? While we stand on our old ground, and insist on redress of grievances, we know we are right, and are not answerable for consequences. Nothing, then, can be imputed to us. But if we now change our object, carry our pretensions further, and set up for absolute independence, we shall lose the sympathy of mankind. We shall no longer be defending what we possess, but struggling for something which we never did possess, and which we have solemnly and uniformly disclaimed all intention of pursuing, from the very outset of the troubles. Abandoning thus our old ground, of resistance only to arbitrary acts of oppression, the nations will believe the whole to have been mere pretence, and they will look on us, not as injured, but as ambitious subjects. I shudder before this responsibility. It will be on us, if, relinquishing the ground on which we have stood so long, and stood so safely, we now proclaim independence, and carry on the war for that object, while these cities burn, these pleasant fields whiten and bleach with the bones of their owners, and these streams run blood. It will be upon us, it will be upon us, if, failing to maintain this unseasonable and ill-judged Declaration, a sterner despotism, maintained by military power, shall be established over our posterity, when we ourselves, given up by an exhausted, a harassed, a misled people, shall have expiated our rashness and atoned for our presumption on the scaffold."

It was for Mr. Adams to reply to arguments like these. We know his opinions, and we know his character. He would commence with his accustomed directness and earnestness.

"Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there's a Divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the Declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life and his own honor? Are not you,

sir, who sit in that chair—is not he, our venerable colleague near you —are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws? If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up, the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament, Boston Port Bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know that there is not a man here who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised, or to be raised, for defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waiver in the support I give him.

"The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects, in arms against our soverign. Nay, I maintain that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct toward us has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why then, why then, sir, do we not as soon as possible change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must

fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

"If we fail it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously, through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these Colonies, and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts and cannot be eradicated. Every Colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead. Sir, the Declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for the restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life. Read this Declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

"Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly, through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this Declaration shall be made good. We may die; die Colonists; die slaves, die, it may be, ignominously and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready, at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

"But whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured that this Declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future,

as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I began, that live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment, Independence now, and Independence forever."

And so that day shall be honored, illustrious prophet and patriot! so that day shall be honored, and as often as it returns, thy renown shall come along with it, and the glory of thy life, like the day of thy death, shall not fail from the remembrance of men.

It would be unjust, fellow citizens, on this occasion, while we express our veneration for him who is the immediate subject of these remarks, were we to omit a most respectful, affectionate, and grateful mention of those other great men, his colleagues, who stood with him, and with the same spirit, the same devotion, took part in the interesting transaction. Hancock, the proscribed Hancock, exiled from his home by a military governor, cut off by proclamation from the mercy of the crown—Heaven reserved for him the distinguished honor of putting this great question to the vote, and of writing his own name first, and most conspicuously, on that parchment which spoke defiance to the power of the crown of England. There, too, is the name of that other proscribed patriot, Samuel Adams, a man who hungered and thirsted for the independence of his country, who thought the Declaration halted and lingered, being himself not only ready, but eager, for it, long before it was proposed; a man of the deepest sagacity, the clearest foresight, and the profoundest judgment in men. And there is Gerry, himself among the earliest and the foremost of the patriots, found, when the battle of Lexington summoned them to common counsels, by the side of Warren; a man who lived to serve his country at home and abroad, and to die in the second place in the government. There, too, is the inflexible, the upright, the Spartan character, Robert Treat Paine. He also lived to serve his

country through the struggle, and then withdrew from her councils, only that he might give his labors and his life to his native State, in another relation. These names, fellow citizens, are the treasures of the Commonwealth; and they are treasures which grow brighter by time.

ON THE MURDER OF JOSEPH WHITE.

I VERY much regret that it should have been thought necessary to suggest to you that I am brought here to "hurry you against the law and beyond the evidence." I hope I have too much regard for justice, and too much respect for my own character, to attempt either; and were I to make such an attempt, I am sure that in this court nothing can be carried against the law, and that gentlemen, intelligent and just as you are, are not, by any power, to be hurried beyond the evidence. Though I could well have wished to shun this occasion, I have not felt at liberty to withhold my professional assistance, when it is supposed that I may be in some degree useful in investigating and discovering the truth respecting this most extraordinary murder. It has seemed to be a duty incumbent on me, as on every other citizen, to do my best and my utmost to bring to light the perpetrators of this crime. Against the prisoner at the bar, as an individual, I cannot have the slightest prejudice. I would not do him the smallest injury or injustice. But I do not affect to be indifferent to the discovery and the punishment of this deep guilt. I cheerfully share in the opprobrium, how great soever it may be, which is cast on those who feel and manifest an anxious concern that all who had a part in planning, or a hand in executing, this deed of midnight assassination, may be brought to answer for their enormous crime at the bar of public justice.

Gentlemen, it is a most extraordinary case. In some respects, it has hardly a precedent anywhere; certainly none in our New England history. This bloody drama exhibited no suddenly excited, ungovernable rage. The actors in it were not surprised by any lion-like temptation springing upon their virtue, and overcoming it, before resistance could begin. Nor did they do the deed to glut savage vengeance, or satiate long-settled and deadly hate. It was a cool, calculating, money-making murder. It was all "hire and salary, not

revenge." It was the weighing of money against life; the counting out of so many pieces of silver against so many ounces of blood.

An aged man, without an enemy in the world, in his own house, and in his own bed, is made the victim of a butcherly murder, for mere pay. Truly, here is a new lesson for painters and poets. Whoever shall hereafter draw the portrait of murder, if he will show it as it has been exhibited, where such example was last to have been looked for, in the very bosom of our New England society, let him not give it the grim visage of Moloch, the brow knitted by revenge, the face black with settled hate, and the bloodshot eye emitting livid fires of malice. Let him draw, rather, a decorous, smooth-faced, bloodless demon; a picture in repose, rather than in action; not so much an example of human nature in its depravity, and in its paroxysms of crime, as an infernal being, a fiend, in the ordinary display and development of his character.

The deed was executed with a degree of self-possession and steadiness equal to the wickedness with which it was planned. The circumstances now clearly in evidence spread out the whole scene before us. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet, the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace. The assassin enters, through the window already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this, he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges without noise; and he enters, and beholds his victim before him. The room is uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper is turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, show him where to strike. The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death! It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he plies the dagger, though it is obvious that life has been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes

out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder. No eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The secret is his own, and it is safe!

Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that Eye which pierces through all disguises, and beholds everything as in the splendor of noon, such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by men. True it is, generally speaking, that "murder will out." True it is, that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of Heaven by shedding man's blood seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially, in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come, and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, everything, every circumstance, connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself; or rather it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment, which it dares not acknowledge to God or man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance, either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and, like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstances to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed, it will be confessed; there is no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession.

FROM WEBSTER'S REPLY TO HAYNE.

A Speech delivered in the Senate of the United States on Foote's Resolution, January 26, 1830.

In relation to slavery Mr. Webster said: "There is not, and never has been, a disposition in the north to interfere with the interests of the south. Such interference has never been supposed to be within the power of the government, nor has been in any way attempted. The slavery of the south has always been regarded as a matter of domestic policy, left with the states themselves, and with which the federal government had nothing to do. Certainly, sir, I am and ever have been, of that opinion.

"The gentleman, indeed argues that slavery in the abstract, is no evil. Most assuredly I need not say I differ from him, altogether and most widely on that point. I regard domestic slavery as one of the greatest evils, both moral and political. But though it be a malady, and whether it be curable, and if so by what means...I leave it to them whose right and duty it is, to enquire and to decide."

He then recounted the whole history of the struggle pertaining to the extension of slavery, in connection with an able discussion of constitutional law.

STATE RIGHTS.

After discussing at great length the urgent necessity of public improvements, he struck the doctrine of "state's rights" with vigorous and well directed blows.

"I understand the honorable gentleman from South Carolina to maintain that it is the right of state legislatures to interfere, whenever, in their judgment, this government transcends its constitutional limits, and to arrest the operation of its laws."

SOVEREIGNTY OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Then followed a long argument on the sovereignty of the Constitution and the necessary loyalty to be given it from the various states.

He argued that the government itself was a popular one erected by the people—that those who administered its affairs were responsi-

ble to the people alone, that the state governments also emanated from the people, but the general government was created for one purpose and the state governments for another. "We are here to administer a Constitution emanating immediately from the people, and trusted by them to our administration. It is not a creature of state governments..... But sir, the people have wisely provided in the Constitution itself, a proper mode and tribunal for settling questions of constitutional law...The Constitution itself, has pointed out, ordained and established that authority. How has it accomplished this great and successful end? By declaring, sir, that the Constitution and the laws of the United States made in pursuance thereof, shall be the supreme law of the land, anything in the Constitution, or laws of any state, to the contrary, notwithstanding."

He then made a long and forcible argument on the subject of constitutional law, closing with an eloquent and prophetic picture of the state of affairs which would obtain, if the doctrines of nullification were consistently carried out.

REPLY TO CALHOUN.

Speech in the Senate of the United States, on the 16th day of February, 1833.

After giving a forcible resume of the previous positions of South Carolina in relation to the tariff, he said:

"I hold South Carolina to her ancient, her cool, her uninfluenced her deliberate opinions. I hold her to her own admissions, nay, to her own claims and pretensions, in 1789 in the First Congress, and to her acknowledgments and avowed sentiments through a long series of succeeding years. I hold her to the principles on which she led congress to act in 1816, or if she has changed her own opinions, I claim some respect for those who still retain the same views.

"I say she is precluded from asserting that doctrines which she herself has so long and so ably sustained, are plain, palpable and dangerous violations of the Constitution.

"Mr. President, if the friends of nullification should be able to propagate their opinions, and give them practical effect, they would in my judgment, prove themselves the most skillful architects of ruin.

the most effectual extinguishers of high raised expectation, the greatest blasters of human hopes, which any age has produced.

"They would stand up to the proclaim,,in tones that would pierce the ears of half the human race, that the last great experiment in human government had failed. They would send forth sounds, at the hearing of which, "the divine right of kings," would feel even in its grave, a returning sensation of vitality and resuscitation.

"Millions of eyes,of those who now feed their inherent love of liberty on the success of the American example, would turn away from beholding our dismemberment and find no place on earth wherein to rest their gratified sight. Amidst the incantations and orgies of nullification, secession, disunion and revolution, would be celebrated the funeral rites of constitutional and republican liberty.

"But sir, if the government do its duty, if it act with firmness and with moderation, these opinions cannot prevail. Be assured, that among the political sentiments of this people the love of union is still uppermost.

"They will stand fast by the Constitution,and by those who defend it, I rely on no temporary expedients—on no political combination; but I rely on the true American feeling—the genuine patriotism of the people, and the imperative decision of the public voice.

"With my whole heart,I pray for the continuance of the domestic peace and quiet of the country, I desire most ardently, the restoration of affection and harmony to all its parts, I desire that every citizen of the whole country may look to this government, with no other sentiments but those of grateful respect and attachment. Disorder and confusion, indeed may arise—scenes of commotion and contest are threatened, and perhaps may come.

"But I cannot yield,even to kind feelings, the cause of the Constitution, the true glory of the country, and the great trust which we hold in our hands, for succeeding ages. If the Constitution cannot be maintained without meeting these scenes of commotion, they must come.

"We cannot, we must not, we dare not, omit to do that, which in our judgment, the safety of the Union requires.

"Not regardless of consequences, we must yet meet consequences; seeing the hazards which surround the discharge of public duty, it must yet be discharged.

"For myself, sir, I shun no responsibility justly devolving on me,

here or elsewhere, in attempting to maintain the cause—I am tied to it by indissoluble bonds of affection and duty, and I shall cheerfully partake of its fortunes and its fate. I am ready to perform my own appropriate part, whenever and wherever the occasion may call me, and to take my chance among those upon whom the blows may fall first, and fall thickest.

"I shall exert every faculty I possess, in aiding to prevent the Constitution from being nullified, destroyed or impaired; and even if I should see it fall, I will still, with a voice, feeble, perhaps, but earnest, as ever issued from human lips, call on the *people* to come to its rescue."

FROM THE COMPROMISES OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Delivered in the Senate of the United States.

Having been again returned to the Senate, his last great speech before that august body was delivered on the 7th of March, 1850, only two years before the death of the great orator.

Various schemes were under discussion concerning the extension of slavery in the territories, and newly admitted states, and as usual in those days, the threat of secession was heard from too many of the southern senators. Some of them advocated the idea that secession might be peaceably accomplished, and in relation to that subject, we find the following paragraph in this celebrated address:

"Peaceable secession! peaceable secession! The concurrent agreement of all the members of this great republic to separate!

"A voluntary separation, with alimony on the one side and on the other. Why, what would be the result? Where is the line to be drawn? What states are to secede? What is to remain American? What am I to be? An American no longer? Where is the flag of the republic to remain? Where is the eagle still to tower? or is he to cower, and sink, and fall to the ground?

"Why, sir, our ancestors—our fathers and our grandfathers, those of them that are yet living among us with prolonged lives—would rebuke and reproach us. And our children and our grandchildren would cry out, 'Shame upon us!' if we of this generation should dishonor these ensigns of the power of the government, and the harmony of the Union, which is every day felt among us with so much power and gratitude.

"What is to become of the army? What is to become of the navy? What is to become of the public lands? How is each of the thirty states to defend itself? I know, although the idea has not been stated distinctly, there is to be a southern confederacy. I do not mean when I allude to this statement, that any one seriously contemplates such a state of things. I do not mean to say that it is true, but I have heard it suggested elsewhere that this idea has originated in a design to separate. I am sorry, sir, that it has ever been thought of, talked of, or dreamed of, in the wildest flights of human imagination."

THE STORY OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

FOR A SCHOOL OR CLUB PROGRAMME.

Each numbered paragraph is to be given to a pupil or member to read, or to recite, in a clear, distinct tone.

If the school or club is small, each person may take three or four paragraphs, but should not be required to recite them in succession.

1. Daniel Webster was born on the 18th day of January, 1782, of pioneer parents. His father was an officer in the war of the Revolution.

2. Although delicate in childhood, he appears to have inherited from his grandmother and his father, a fine physique, with a large brain and rugged features, also good literary tastes, and an aptitude for mental acquisition.

3. His first lessons were given by mother and sisters, but his first contact with the world came at Exeter Academy, where he keenly felt the ridicule which was freely bestowed upon his rustic dress and ways.

4. He entered Dartmouth College in August of 1797. Here he first successfully cultivated the gift of speech, and three years later he was invited to deliver the Fourth of July oration at Hanover.

5. Even his earliest speeches were characterized by patriotism, fidelity to the Constitution being a favorite theme.

6. He was graduated from Dartmouth in 1801, with some smattering of the law, but with a much greater familiarity with English literature.

7. He gave up his law studies and taught school, in order to be

enabled to contribute to the support of his elder brother who was then in College.

8. When his father died in 1806, Daniel assumed his financial obligations, waited until his brother was admitted to the bar, then went to Portsmouth, where he made his home.

9. In 1809 Mr. Webster was married to Miss Grace Fletcher, the daughter of the minister at Salisbury. With her he lived happily until her death, nearly twenty years later.

10. In 1813 he took his seat as a member of the Thirteenth Congress. He was now about thirty years of age.

11. His best service during his first term was his successful opposition to a National Bank having a large paper currency, which was not redeemable in either gold or silver coin.

12. Mr. Webster was re-elected to the Fourteenth Congress, where the currency fight was renewed. Mr. Webster and his friends, however, succeeded in eliminating the most injurious features of the bill before it was finally passed.

13. About 1816 he was admitted to the practice of law before the Supreme Court of the United States.

14. In 1817 he removed his family to Boston where he made his home for many years. It was in this year also, that he lost his beautiful little daughter Grace, who died in her father's arms.

15. In 1818, on the tenth day of March he made his memorable argument in behalf of Dartmouth College before the Supreme Court of the United States. This victory was more far-reaching than any other which, up to that time, had been won before the Federal Courts.

16. In 1820 he delivered his celebrated oration at Plymouth on the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, just two hundred years after the date of that event.

17. In 1823 he again took his seat in Congress, this time as a representative of the people of Boston.

18. In 1824 he delivered his great speech on "The Greek Revolution," protesting against the unspeakable barbarity of the Turks, and claiming that the struggling Greeks were entitled to the active sympathy of the whole civilized world.

19. In 1825, before he was forty-three years of age, he delivered his celebrated address on "The Laying of the Corner Stone of the Bunker Hill Monument."

20. In 1826 he was chosen Senator, and this year was also signalized by his eulogy upon Adams and Jefferson.

21. In 1828, in January of this year, he lost his beloved wife, and with her loss came a terrible break in his life, for she had been comrade and friend, as well as a devoted wife. This year, also, he delivered an able scientific lecture at the opening of the course at the Mechanics Institution in Boston.

22. In 1829 he lost his faithful brother Ezekiel, who died from heart failure while making an eloquent plea in court.

23. In 1829, also, he was married to Miss Leroy of New York, who survived him.

24. In 1830 he made his celebrated "Reply to Hayne," an effort which has probably never been surpassed in debate upon the floor of the Senate. He was now about forty-eight years of age.

25. In 1831 people began to talk of him as a very probable candidate for the Presidency, but he was defeated for the nomination in consequence of his opposition to Van Buren as Minister to England.

26. In November of the year 1831, South Carolina passed her celebrated ordinance nullifying the laws of the United States, concerning the collection of the revenue. John C. Calhoun had resigned the Vice Presidency, accepted the Senatorship, and went to the capital as the champion of secession.

27. Webster immediately allied himself to the Administration as the champion of the Constitution and the law.

28. In 1832 Webster delivered his "Eulogy upon Washington," in honor of the centennial birthday of our first President, at a public dinner in the city of Washington.

29. In 1833 he advocated with all the eloquence and logic at his command the famous "Force Bill," empowering the President of the United States to use all the military force of the government, if necessary, for the enforcement of the laws.

30. Although Webster had proved a veritable tower of strength to the administration during the conflict with the incipient rebellion, still he had a prolonged struggle with President Jackson in the fall of 1833, on the question of finance.

31. He was always in favor of a paper currency which was redeemable in either gold or silver coin, and during the heated controversy on this subject in 1833, he delivered sixty-four addresses upon the question, finally winning his point against the administration.

32. In 1833, also, he delivered his famous "Reply to Calhoun," in the Senate of the United States, in connection with the bill "further to provide for the collection of duties upon imports." Here, again, his sturdy blows upon the doctrine of nullification fell thick and fast.

33. In this year, also, Henry Clay presented the bill for a compromise, which Webster fought with all the energy of his being.

34. In 1837 he delivered one of his best speeches in New York City, giving voice to his political positions upon important public questions. Here, as elsewhere, he was dignified and courteous to his opponents, carrying the whole audience with him. He was now forty-five years of age. The unity of the Great Republic was again the theme of his eloquent eulogy.

35. In 1839 Mr. Webster went to England with his family for a

long needed rest, and was everywhere received with appropriate honors as one of the foremost citizens of a great nation.

36. Upon his return to his native heath in the winter of the same year, he found General Harrison the nominee of his party for the Presidency, and he threw himself into the campaign with all the enthusiasm of his nature.

37. 1840. During this summer he made campaign speeches for Harrison in Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia. Seventy or more public addresses were made during this campaign, mostly upon the various phases of the currency question.

38. 1841. On the election of Harrison he was invited to accept the portfolio of State, and he accepted the position, taking his place in the cabinet, in March of this year.

39. President Harrison dying after only one month of official life, and it being the first time a President had died in office, it devolved upon Secretary Webster to arrange and establish the necessary forms to be complied with, and the honors to be paid upon such occasions.

40. When Harrison was succeeded by Tyler, Secretary Webster was earnestly requested to retain the portfolio of State, and finally decided to do so.

41. In 1842 Lord Ashburton, as the especial envoy of Great Britain, arrived in Washington to confer with our government respecting the difficult question of the northwestern boundary line and other matters which were producing much international irritation.

42. After much delay, and the careful manipulation of several delicate questions, Mr. Webster, with his assistant counsel, succeeded in arranging with the British envoy the "Ashburton Treaty," which settled some grievous questions at a time when war seemed almost unavoidable.

43. Although his personal relations with President Tyler were cordial, there were some political complications which led to his resignation, and he retired to his beautiful country home at Marshfield, where he passed a little time in retirement.

44. When Henry Clay was nominated for the Presidency in 1844, he gave him cordial support, and took the stump in his behalf, although cordially disliking the man personally, and feeling sure, as he said, that "Clay would not do it for me."

45. He was opposed to the conduct of the Mexican war, but during these campaigns he lost his beloved son Edward, who died in Mexico as the Major of a regiment of Massachusetts volunteers.

46. The body of the young officer was brought to Boston on the very day that his beloved sister was consigned to the tomb.

47. A few days later a fervent religious service was held over the body of Edward Webster, and then military honors were accorded to him as he was laid away in the tomb.

48. Mr. Webster planted two weeping elms on his lawn at Marshfield as a memorial of his son and daughter, and made arrangements for the resting place for himself and his family.

49. In 1845 he was chosen Senator from Massachusetts, and as soon as he could rally a little after his terrible loss, he hurried away to bury his aching heart in the rush of public duty.

50. General Taylor became the nominee of the Whig party for the Presidency, when by all the laws of political justice the nomination should have gone to Webster.

51. Webster was opposed to the placing of military men in the Chair of the Chief Executive, because military efficiency is not a qualification for wise statesmanship, but at last he decided to vote for Taylor and advise his friends to do so.

52. When President Taylor suddenly died, the portfolio of State was again offered to Webster, who accepted it, taking his place in Fillmore's cabinet in July of 1850.

53. His administration of the department was again satisfactory although there was no such important international negotiations as the Ashburton Treaty.

54. He was thrown from his carriage while driving in Marshfield and was severely injured, after which he was never again in health.

55. He spent much of his time at Marshfield, and would have resigned his position, but retained it at the especial request of the President, and indeed he succeeded in transacting the business of his department until a few months before his death.

56. On the evening of October 3, 1852, he went to his rest, lying down upon his armor in firm reliance upon the Christian hope.

57. The gates of his spacious lawn were thrown open, and about ten thousand people came to attend the simple funeral services, which were in accordance with his own expressed wish.

58. One of the grandest lives among our American statesmen passed into history, and his words will ever live as an eloquent vindication of the Constitution and the Laws.

PROGRAMME FOR A DANIEL WEBSTER EVENING.

1. Music—"Star Spangled Banner."
2. Recitation—Extract from Webster's speech entitled, "The Constitution not a Compact."
3. Essay—Webster's Services as Secretary of State.
4. Instrumental Music—Patriotic Air.
5. Recitation—Extract from Webster's Reply to Hayne.
6. Anecdotes of Webster, as many taking part as possible.
7. Vocal Music—All join in singing "America."

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

What can you say of the grand-parents of Daniel Webster? Describe his father? What of the military career of Ebenezer Webster? When and where was Daniel born? What can you say of his child life? Give a brief summary of his educational advantages? When and where was his first public address delivered? When was he graduated from Dartmouth? What was his first work afterwards? Describe his personal appearance. When did his father die? When and whom did Daniel Webster marry? When was he first elected to Congress? What was the most important service which he rendered to the country during the Thirteenth Congress? What can you say of the Fourteenth Congress? What can you say of his management of the Dartmouth College case? Which is considered the finest of his anniversary speeches?

What can you say of his speech on the Great Revolution? What of the address on the Laying of the Corner Stone of the Bunker Hill Monument? Mention the principal master-pieces among his addresses. What can you say of his first day in the Senate after the death of his wife? Recapitulate briefly his conflict with the nullifiers of South Carolina.

What can you say of his reply to Hayne? When was his name first mentioned in connection with the Presidency? Who was his successful rival for the nomination at this time? What can you say of the Force Bill? What relation did Webster sustain to Jackson's administration during the days of the threatened rebellion? What was his relation to it on the question of finance? What can you say of his speech entitled, "The Constitution not a Compact?"

What was the result of the excitement on the subject of nullification? What can you say of Webster's struggle with Jackson on the question of finance? When did he go to England? What was the condition of American politics when he returned? What can you say of his work during the Harrison campaign? What was the result? When was he re-elected to the Senate for the six year term? When did he become the Secretary of State? Give a brief synopsis of his most valuable service in this department? What can you say of his letter to Lord Ashburton on the subject of impressment?

Describe briefly Webster's home at Marshfield? What can you say of his life there? When was he again called to a position in the Cabinet? What were his relations with President Tyler? How was his work in the cabinet considered? When was Henry Clay nominated for the Presidency? What part did Webster take in the campaign? When was he elected to the Senate for the last time? What position did he take in relation to the war with Mexico? What did the war cost him? Give briefly the incidents connected with the death of his son.

Give the story of Henry Pleasants? When did Mr. Webster's daughter die? When was Webster's name presented to the Whig convention as a candidate for the Presidency? Who received the nom-

ination at this time? Why should he have been the nominee of the party? What effect did the disappointment have upon him? What were his objections to Taylor? What did he do during this campaign? What can you say of his speech on "The Compromises of the Constitution?" In what way was it criticized? What was the apparent cause of his great political mistake? What were the main features of the Clay compromise? What were the successes of the Free Soil party? What relation did Webster sustain to Fillmore's administration? What can you say of his work?

When was Webster's name again presented to the Whig convention as a candidate for the Presidency? With what result? Who was the successful candidate? What was the result of this disappointment? What can you say of the inscription which he dictated for his tombstone? What little incident illustrates his love for the flag during his last illness? When did he die? What wishes did he express concerning his funeral? What can you say of the simple obsequies?

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL STUDY.

1. *The heredity and childhood of Daniel Webster.*
2. *His development as an orator.*
3. *His influence upon the politics of the period.*
4. *His services as Secretary of State.*
5. *His personal life.*

CHRONOLOGICAL EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

1782. Born in Salisbury, New Hampshire, January 18.
1793. Entered Exeter Academy.
1797. Entered Dartmouth College.
1800. Delivered the Fourth of July address for the people of Hanover.
1801. Was graduated from Dartmouth, and returning to his native town entered the law office of one of his father's friends. A little later, however, he was induced by an offer of three hundred and fifty dollars a year to become a teacher at Fryburg, Maine, where he earned his board by copying deeds. This change seemed necessary in the embarrassed condition of the finances of the Webster family.
1804. He went to Boston and entered the law office of Mr. Christopher Gore, an eminent member of the Boston bar, who was afterward elected Governor of Massachusetts.
1806. His faithful father died, and Daniel assumed his financial responsibilities, and after his brother Ezekiel was admitted to the bar, he placed his law practice there in the hands of the brother.
1807. Removed to Portsmouth, where he made his home for many years.
1808. Went back to Salisbury for his bride, Miss Grace Fletcher,

bringing her to his new home, where their children were born.

1812. Was elected a member of the Thirteenth Congress, taking his seat in May of 1813.

1814. Delivered his strong address in opposition to the conduct of the war which was then in progress, opposing the purpose of the administration to enforce a draft which included minors. He claimed that the government should give up the idea of invasion, and if the war must be continued, it should be carried to the coast, and conducted in defense of maritime rights.

1817. Lost his little daughter Grace, who died in her father's arms.

1818. He argued the famous Dartmouth College case before the Supreme Court of the United States, on the tenth day of March. This address is universally acknowledged as his master piece in this department of legal work, and it had a far-reaching effect. His success in this case brought within the scope of the United States every charter granted by a state, and extended the jurisdiction of the Federal Court more than any other judgment which it had ever rendered.

1820. Delivered the famous oration at Plymouth in commemoration of the Landing of the Pilgrims. This speech was given on the 22d day of December, two hundred years after the memorable event took place.

1822. Was nominated for Congress by the people of Boston, and in December of the following year he again took his seat in that august body, this time representing a Massachusetts constituency.

1824. Delivered in the House of Representatives his speech on "The Greek Revolution." He was then forty-two years of age, and this effort was considered in both America and Great Britain the ablest which, up to that time, had ever been made upon that floor.

1825. Gave his celebrated address in connection with the laying of the corner stone of Bunker Hill Monument, at Charlestown, Mass.

1826. Delivered his oration upon the lives and services of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson. It was given in Faneuil Hall on August 2d. *It was in this year, also, that he was chosen to the Senate.*

1828. Buried his beloved wife, from whose loss he never, perhaps, fully recovered. This was also an eventful year in the Senate, and he made several important speeches on the subject of the tariff. It was in November of this year that he gave the introductory lecture at the opening of the scientific course at Mechanic's Institute at Boston. He was fond of science, and had chosen a scientific theme for his graduating essay.

1829. He met with another severe loss in the death of his brother Ezekiel, and before the year was out he was again married, this time to Miss Leroy of New York.

1830. He delivered his great address in "Reply to Hayne" of South Carolina. This speech occupied the greater portion of two days in its delivery, and has been universally considered one of the ablest which has ever been made in debate.

1832. South Carolina passed her celebrated nullification ordinance, and it was followed by exciting times in the Senate. And in this time of need, Webster came out squarely in behalf of the administration, and its right to collect revenues from a rebellious state. It was this year, also, that he delivered his speech in honor of the centennial birthday of Washington. His name was also considered in connection with the nomination for the presidency.

1833. Delivered his celebrated "Reply to Calhoun." This speech was entitled, "The Constitution not a Compact."

In the autumn of the same year he had a prolonged struggle with President Jackson, on the subject of finance. Durthis contest Webster spoke upon the subject about sixty-four times, winning a victory at last over the administration.

1837. Delivered a notable political address in New York, besides many minor efforts.

1839. Went with his family to England for a long needed rest. Was everywhere received as befitted one of the principal citizens of the United States. In December of that year General Harrison was nominated for the Presidency, and on his return to the states, Webster was drawn into the powerful current of the political campaign.

1840. During the summer of this year he delivered political addresses in behalf of the Whig nominee (Harrison) in Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia, making about seventy speeches on the various phases of the question of finance. The result was an overwhelming victory for his party.

1841. Became Secretary of State under President Harrison, remaining in office under the administration of Tyler until 1843.

This term of office was signalized by valuable services to the government in relation to the successful formation of the Ashburton Treaty.

He also wrote an important letter to Lord Ashburton on the subject of impressment. This radical document forever put a stop to the custom which had too long obtained among British cruisers of impressing seamen from American merchant vessels.

1843. Retired to his country seat at Marshfield, having resigned the Portfolio of State. He remained in retirement only a short time when Clay was nominated for the Presidency, when he gave him an enthusiastic support, not because he liked the man, for he did not, but because he endorsed the principles which he represented.

1844. Although Clay had been defeated Webster could not keep out

of politics, and he was again elected Senator from Massachusetts.

1845. He took his seat in the Senate for his last term. He opposed the acquisition of territory by conquest, claiming that such procedure threatened the very existence of the nation. The Mexican war cost him the life of his son Edward, who died as a Major of Massachusetts Volunteers, and his body was brought home just as they were consigning the body of Mr. Webster's daughter, Mrs. Appleton to the tomb. Hence this was another terrible year for the statesman.

1848. Webster was again prominently talked of, for the Presidency, but to the shame of his party the nomination was given to Taylor, and Webster spurned the offer of a second place on the ticket.

He was tempted to leave the campaign battles for others to fight while he went to his beloved Marshfield for much needed rest, but party spirit sent him again into the field, and Taylor was duly elected and inaugurated.

1850. Delivered his speech in the Senate of the United States on "The Compromises of the Constitution." After this he resigned his seat to accept the position of Secretary of State under Fillmore, who had succeeded to the Presidency upon the sudden death of Taylor July 9th, 1850.

The second term as Secretary was marked by succeessful service to the State, although there were no great international questions to be settled.

1852. The Whig Convention assembled in Baltimore and Webster's name was presented for the first place on the ticket. But after fifty two successive ballots, the nomination was given to General Scott, Webster being again "wounded in the house of his friends."

The same year, while driving near his country seat he was thrown from his carriage and severely injured. He continued however to transact the business of his Department until the 8th of September, when he returned to Marshfield, never again to see the city where he had given to his country so many years of hard work.

On the evening of October 3rd, his brilliant career was closed by the touch of the death angel, and he left a nation in mourning over his loss.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

For those who wish to read more extensively on the subject we commend the following works:

Ticknor's "Life of Webster." American Statesman Series.
"Life and Memories of Daniel Webster." D. Appleton & Co., New York.